CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 104,000.

SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

U. S. P. A.

SEE FIFTH PAGE.

VOLUME LVIII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1890. NUMBER 32.

Our Serial Story.

Written for THE BLADE by Marion Harland. Copyright 1890.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

LEFT alone with the unconscious man, March stooped and rolled him entirely over. He had been lying, face downward, his cheek to the sward; one arm was by his side, the other was thrown, in a natural position, above his head. His pulse was almost normal, although somewhat sluggish; his respiration heavy, but not stertorous; his complexion was not sanguine. His breath and, March fancied, his whole body reeked of opium. March shook him gently. He slept on. With a disgustful shiver, he forced himself to pass an arm under his head and lift it to his knee. There was no change in the limp lethargy. The young man laid him down, and, rising, stood off and looked at the pitiable wreck. Hester's frenzied tirade had disabused the listener's mind of the suspicion of suicide. He could no longer doubt that here was the unraveling of the complex design that had vexed his heart and head. The popular preacher was not the first of brilliant parts and high position who had fallen a victim to a debasing and insidious habit, but his skill and effrontery in concealing the truth were remarkable. Yet—might not March have divined the nature of the mystery before this revelation? The peculiar brilliancy of the deep set eyes; his variable spirits; his fluent and, at times, erratic speech; the very character of his pulpit eloquence—might have betrayed him to an expert. His wife's nervous vigilance and eager assiduity of devotion—above all, the episode of the midnight toilers, and the conflicting stories of the need of that toil—finally—and he recalled it with a bursting heart—Hetty's declaration to her lover that there were insurmountable obstacles to their union—were as clear as daylight now. The sudden illness of that memorable Saturday night was stupor like that which now chained the slave of appetite to the earth.

How often and with what excess of anguish the revolting scene had been enacted only the two unhappy sisters knew, unless the still more hapless daughter were in the secret. Her wail, "O, God of mercy! It has come at last!" was a key to depths of suspenseful endurance and labyrinths of unavailing deception.

Unavailing, for the instant of detection was the beginning of the end. The man was ruined beyond redemption. A whisper of his infirmity would be the loss of place, reputation and livelihood, and his innocent family would go down quick into the pit with him. This was the vision of impending gloom that had disturbed what should be sunny deeps in the sweetest eyes in the world to him. This was the almost certain prospect that made her write: "I can never be more than your friend!"

The Gilchrist was clean, honest blood. Hetty testified her appreciation of this truth by refusing to marry him. He could think how his mother would look when she heard the story and how Fairhill gossip would gloat over the "newest thing in clerical scandals!"

Why should it be made public? Why should he not keep it quiet, instead of pulling down ruin upon the helpless and unoffending? Hetty had written, "in mercy to the innocent." He seemed to hear her say it now, in his ear.

A faint, melodious chime just vibrated through the sultry air. The fine bell of the "Old First" had struck the half hour. The church in which he was baptized; the church of his mother's love and prayers! At thought of the pulpit desecrated by this fellow's feet, a rush of indignant contempt surged up to his lips.

"Sacrilegious dog!" he muttered, touching the motionless heap with his foot.

Homer shambled back out of breath. He had brought a lantern.

"Now—it's powerful shady under the trees!" he replied to March's remark that the moon gave all the light they required. "An' ther's somethin' come ter me, as I want ter see!"

He set down the lantern, hugged the tree bole and went up a foot or two. Then were heard a scratching and a rattling overhead.

"Now—would ye a mind holdin' this 'tell I git 'em all?"

The "all" was four bottles and a tin box. Two phials were long and empty. A name was blown in the glass. March held one down to the light.

"*Elixir of Opium!*"

The others were larger and of stout blue glass. A printed label said, "*Phosphate.*" March pulled out the cork and smelled the contents. Opium again!

The box held the same drug as a dark paste.

"I mistrusted them horse phates a couple o' t'imes!" said Homer, imperturbably sagacious. "He wor too everlastin' fond of 'em. He skeered me with the devil inter goin' ter the drug store with a paper ter tell 'em for ter give me that ar' one," designating an empty phial. "Leastways, one like it. An' Miss Hetty, she foun' it in the garding, where I dropped it. Then 'twus she told me nuvver to go nowhar' 'thout 'twas she sent me. An' I ain't sence! An' he's treated me orful a many a time 'cause what she said to me that time. I guess he bought 'em in New York, mos' likely. He's a sharp one, Mr. Wayt is!"

March eyed him suspiciously.

"How did you know where these things were, if you had nothing to do with hiding them?"

"*Now*"—stolid under the implied doubt or not noticing it—"you reklec' the Sunday night ma'n you was talkin' here, n' *he* come along, an' I shinned up the tree? I bet'—with more animation than March had ever seen him display before—"he was a comin' fur a drink then! 'Twas the very night before, when Miss Hetty, she come all the way up to my room, an' sez she, 'Homer,' sez she, 'Mr. Wayt has done it again,' she say. An' so he had, an' him a lyin' on the study floor jes' as you see him now—an' Mrs. Wayt a cryin' over him. You see she'd b'lieved, sure an' certain, he'd nuvver do so no more. But *I* mistrusted them horse phates. *Now*, that very night—Sunday night 'twas, 'n' me an' you was a talkin' here—as I was a slidin' down the tree I kotched inter a hole, an' somethin' sort o' jingled, like glass. I nuvver t'ought no more 'bout it tell 'jes ez I come up to night an' see him a sprawlin' thar, an' I smelled the stuff. I'll jes hide 'em in the grass, an' to morrow early I'll bury 'em in the garding. But it's a mere cupboard, that is."

While talking, he was busy spreading upon the turf a heavy shawl, such as were worn by men, thirty years ago. "*Now*—ef you'll lend a lift to him!" to the wondering observer.

The plan was ingenious, but Homer's dexterity in carrying it out, and the *sang froid* he maintained throughout betokened an amount of practice at which March's soul recoiled. It was frightfully realistic. Mr. Wayt was laid in the middle of the big plaid; the two ends were knotted tightly upon his chest, inclosing his arms, the other two about his ankles.

"I'll hitch on to the heavy end," quoth the bunch of muscle and bone March had begun to admire. "Me bein' useter to it nor what you be. You take holt of his feet."

In such style the stately saint was borne up the back steps and laid upon the settee in the parsonage hall.

Mrs. Wayt was upon the porch. Her first words gave one of the bearers his cue.

"Oh, Mr. Gilchrist, this is dreadful! And he seemed so well at dinner time! The heat often affects him seriously. He had a sunstroke some years ago, and every summer he feels the effects of it. Lay him down here and rest before taking him up stairs. There. Thank you."

While she undid and removed the clerical cravat and collar from his throat, March straightened his spine and looked around for Hetty. The house was still as a grave. The front door was closed; the rooms on both sides of the hall were dark and silent. It was Thursday night, the universal "evening out" for Fairhill servants. March recollected it in the mechanical way one thinks of trifles at important junctures. He was glad—mechanically—that Mary Ann was not there to carry the tale of Mr. Wayt's fainting fit, or semi-sunstroke, or whatever name his wife chose to put to it, to Mrs. Gilchrist. He was beginning to ask himself what he should say at home of what he had done with himself between 9 and 10 o'clock that evening.

WHAT HOMER FOUND IN THE TREE.

The transportation up to the second story was slow and difficult. Mr. Wayt supported her husband's head, and, like a flash, recurred to March Hester's sneer of the task laid upon "his wife, his wife's sister and the family factotum." It must have been barely accomplished on the July night when he and Mary brought Hester home, and Hetty ran down out of breath, her hair dishevelled and eyes scared! That *her* hands should be fouled by such a burden!

His face was set whitely, as, having deposited the load upon the bed, he accosted the wife:

"Would you like to have a physician?"

His tone was hard and constrained. She did not look up.

"You are very good, but it is not necessary—thank you. I have seen him as ill before from the same cause and know what to do for him. And he is morbidly sensitive with regard to these attacks. He thinks it would injure him in his profession if the impression were to get abroad that his health is unsound or his constitution breaking up. I shall not even dare tell him that you have seen him to-night."

She was putting extraordinary force upon herself, but still she could not meet his eye.

"I cannot thank you just now as I would, Mr. Gilchrist. I am all unnerved, and although I know this seizure is not dangerous, it is a terrible ordeal to me to witness it. May I ask that you will not mention it, even to Judge and Mrs. Gilchrist? My husband would be mortified and distressed beyond measure were his illness the subject of friendly remark."

March hesitated, and she turned upon him quickly. Her face was that of an old woman—gray, withered and scored with lines, each one of which meant an agony.

His resolution dissolved like frost before fire.

"You may depend upon my discretion and friendship," he said, impulsively.

She burst into tears, the low, convulsive sobbing he had heard above stairs on that other night.

Unable to bear more, he ran down the stair-case, and recognized before he reached the foot that he had committed himself to a lie.

"Mr. Gilchrist!"

His hand was upon the lock of the front door, when he caught the low call.

Hetty stood upon the threshold of the library, a shadowy figure in white that seemed to waver in the uncertain light.

"I should like to speak to you, if you can spare a few minutes," she pursued, leading the way into the room.

With a bow of acquiesence, he sat down and waited for her to begin. His mind was in a tumult; dumb pain devoured him. He felt asany honorable man might feel who condones a felony.

CHAPTER IX.

Y sister has begged you to keep secret what you have seen to-night—has she not? was Hetty's first inquiry, spoken without haste and without excitement.

A mute bow replied.

"And you have promised to do it?"

"I told Mrs. Wayt that she might depend upon my discretion."

"Which she construes into a pledge to connive at a wrong done to a church and a community," in precisely the same tone and manner as before.

March stared at her perplexedly. What did the girl mean? And was this resolute, impassive woman of business the blushing trembler who, a month ago, could not deny her love for him? She was very serious now, but apparently very tranquil.

"You would say, if you were not too kind hearted, that this is what I am doing—what I have been doing for nearly ten years—and you would be right. It would not exculpate me in your opinion if I were to represent that Mr. Wayt's profession is all that stands between his family and the poorhouse; that I do not habitually attend the church in which he officiates, and that my name has never appeared upon the record of any one of the parishes of which he has had charge since I became a member of his family. Mr. Wayt and I have not exchanged a sylable directly for over five years. I neither respect nor like him. He can never forgive my knowledge of his character, and my interference with his habits. These were confirmed before I came to my sister."

"Let me beg," interposed March, "that you will not go on with what cannot but be distressing to you. You need no justification in my sight. If you will permit me to call to-morrow morning we can talk matters over calmly and at leisure. It is late, and you have had a severe nervous strain."

"Unless you insist upon the postponement I would rather speak now, while my mind is steady in the purpose to make an end of subterfuge and concealment. I am weary, but it is of falsehoods, acted and spoken. Hester has told me of your generous pretense of misunderstanding the nature of Mr. Wayt's attack. There it is again!" relapsing into her usual tone, and with whimsical vexation that made March smile. "I am afraid I have forgotten how to be frank! My poor sister's eager talk of 'attacks' and 'seizures' and 'turns' and 'sunstroke' and 'constitutional headaches' has unbalanced my perceptions of right and wrong."

"You cannot expect me to agree with you there?" the suppressed smile becoming visible.

She was not to be turned aside from the straight track.

"Nothing so perverts conscience as a systematic course of concealment, even when it is practiced for what seems to be noble ends. I have felt this for a long time. Lately, the sense of guilt has been insupportable. It may be relief—if not expiation—to tell the truth in the plainest terms I can use. It may leave me more wretched than I am now. But right is right."

Her chin trembled, and she raised her hand to cover it. Her admirable composure was smouldering excitement, kept under by will and the conscience whose rectitude she undervalued. With a subpang, March perceived that this disclosure was not a confidence, but a duty.

"Mr. Wayt was a confirmed opium eater and drinker, twelve years ago," she resumed in a cold monotone. "He would drink intoxicating liquors, too, when narcotics were not to be hand. I believe the appetite for the two is a common symptom of the habit? His wife shielded him then, as she does now, and so successfully that he kept a church in Cincinnati for four years. Hester was a beautiful, active child, eight years old, and a great pet with her father. He does not care for children, as a rule, but she was pretty and clever and amused him. One day she begged her mother to let her take 'dear papa's' lunch up to him. It was always 'dear papa' with her. He had a way of locking himself in his study from morning until night Saturday. Even his wife did not suspect that he wrote his Sunday sermon with a glass of laudanum and brandy at his side. He was busy upon a set of popular discourses on 'Crying Sins of the Day.' They drew immense crowds."

A sarcastic gleam passed over her face, and for the first time the listener saw a likeness to the witty and wise cripple.

"Hester knocked again and again without getting an answer. Then her father called out that he was busy and did not want any lunch. She was always willful, and he had indulged her unreasonably. So she declared that she would not go away until he opened the door and took the tray—not if she had to stand there and knock all day. He tore open the door in a fury, threw the tray and the lunch down stairs, and flung the child after it. The drugged drink had made him crazy."

Marsh shuddered.

"And that was the cause—"

"It left her what you see now. The effect upon her character and feelings was, if possible, more deplorable. From that hour she has never spoken to her father at all, or of him as 'papa.' He is always 'he' and 'him' in the family, 'Mr. Wayt' to strangers. It seems horribly unnatural, but she loathes and despises him. While she lay crushed and suffering for the months that passed before she left her bed, she would go into convulsions at sight of him. Her mother begged her, on her knees, to forgive poor papa, who had a delirious headache when he pushed her away from the door.' Hester refused passionately. She is no more forgiving now. Yet she was so proud and shrewd even then that she never betrayed to the doctors how she was hurt. She let everybody believe that it was an accident. I had been her nurse for six months before she told me the fearful story.

"The truth never got abroad in Cincinnati, but flying rumors of Mr. Wayt's growing eccentricities and the possible cause gathered an opposition party in the church. It was headed by a prominent druggist who had talked with others in the trade from whom Mr. Wayt had bought opium, laudanum and

MARCH STARED AT HER PERPLEXEDLY.

brandy. He has been more cunning in his purchases since then. He was obliged to resign his charge, and became what poor Hester calls 'an ecclesiastical tramp.' He controls his appetite within tolerably safe bounds for a while, sometimes for months, then gives way, and we live on the verge of discovery and disgrace until the crisis comes. The end is always the same. We break camp and 'move on.'"

"Yet he brought clean papers to the Fairhill church."

A dreary smile went with the answer.

"Clerical charity suffereth long and is kind! Out of curiosity I attended once, a meeting of a presbytery that dismissed him from his church and commended him to another presbytery. We had narrowly escaped public exposure at that time. The sexton found Mr. Wayt in the condition you have seen him this evening upon the floor of the lecture room and called in a physician, who boldly proclaimed that the man was 'dead drunk.' The accused put in a plea of indisposition and an overdose of brandy, inadvertently swallowed. His brethren, assembled in solemn session, spoke of his faithful work in the vineyard and the leadings of Divine Providence, and said that their prayers went with him to his new field of labor.

"I don't want to be unjust and cynical, Mr. Gilchrist, and I can see that there is a pleasanter side to the case. There *is* such a thing as Christian charity, and more of it in the world than we are willing to admit. However church people may gossip about an unpopular pastor, and maneuver to get rid of him, when the parting comes they will not brand him in the eyes of others. And clergymen are very faithful to one another. It is really beautiful to see how they try to hide faults and foibles. It is a literal fulfillment of the command, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' In some—in most of Mr. Wayt's charges the secret of his frequent change of pastorate was not told. He was 'odd,' and 'had nomadic tastes.' Sometimes the climate did not agree with his health. The air was too strong, or too weak. Twice poor Hester's condition demanded an immediate change. We went to Chicago to be near an eminent surgeon who, after all, never saw her.

"I will not weary you with the details of a life such as I pray God few families know. After a few years Hester and I became hopeless of anything better. Wherever we might go, change, and the probability of disgrace were a mere question of time. My sister never loses faith in her husband and in an overruling Power that will never forsake the righteous. For, strange, as it may seem, she believes in the piety of a man whose sacred profession is a continual lie.

"O, Mr. Gilchrist!" the enforced monotony of her tone wavering into a cry of pain—"I think that is the worst of all! When I recollect my mother's pure religion—when I see your mother's beneficent life and firm faith in goodness and in good—when I know that in spite of the seeming untruthfulness which is, she thinks, necessary to protect her husband—my sister holds fast to her love and trust in an Almighty Friend, and walks humbly with her God, I feel such indignation against a man who is the slave of passion, selfish, vain and conscienceless, and yet assumes to show such souls the way to heaven, that I dare not enter the church where he is allowed to preach, lest I should cry out in the face of his hearers against the monstrous cheat!"

Her eyes flamed clear; the torrent of feeling swept away reserve and coldness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LIFE AS SHE IS.

Muggs—Did you hear what a fall Jones had last night in church?

Nuggs—No; how did it happen? Was he hurt much?

Muggs—Not very; he fell asleep.

Jones—You wouldn't believe that a 3-year-old child could commit a robbery, would you?

Smith—Wouldn't believe it if I saw it.

Jones—My 3-year-old daughter robbed me of my sleep last night.

Stock broker to nephew from the country—I presume your father does not dabble much in stocks.

Nephew—Oh, yes; we had a hull barn full of 'em last fall, and used 'em to bed the keows with.

Boggs—I got a remittance from my publisher to-day.

Gobbs—Did you, though; good boy; give us a shake. Handsome check, eh?

Boggs—Well, no; not very. It was an extra stamp I sent him.

It Must Be the Sheriff.

First Little Girl—Our store closes at half past seven now.

Second Little Girl—That's nothing. Our closed at noon yesterday, and its going to stay closed ever so long.

Boggs—That was a very sad death.

Gobbs—Whose? Who was it? Tell me quick.

Boggs—Mayor Hamilton—

Gobbs—What! Mayor Hamilton dead! Why, great heavens, I saw him on the the street not two hours ago!

Boggs—Mayor Hamilton's insurance policy expired.

An Irishman who was something of a sprinter, ran a race with two Americans and was badly defeated. At the conclusion of the race, he stood for some moments much absorbed in thought. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Faith an' be jabers, an' I know the reason I got bate; it was two aginst one."

Agent—That's a mighty good field of corn, but the rows are awfully crooked. Who made them?

Farmer—I did; I marked them out that way on purpose. My hired man who works the corn is in the habit of getting full, and I thought he could follow them better.

He Couldn't Figure.

"I reckon a fellow has to be careful what kind of language he uses in this town," remarked a traveler as he sat down in an Oberlin hotel the other night. "I presume if a fellow said 'I seen,' or 'them's nice,' they would put him down for a pumpkin wrestler."

"Undoubtedly," replied a citizen who had just dropped in to get a drink of ice water, "such flagrant grammatical errors as those you mentioned would in all probability call forth an expression of sympathy or contempt from any one who has been brought up under the influence of our educational institutions."

"And I suppose," continued the traveler, "that most every one here is educated right up to date, and if you'd ask one to spell Punxsutawney, or Schenectady, or Kalamazoo, he'd do it without a moment's thought."

"Oh, yes."

"And bound the Atlantic ocean, repeat the names of the members of the President's cabinet, explain the tariff, and give the correct answer to a telephone ring off-hand?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Do you live here?"

"I do."

"Good; I want you to help me out on a question a fellow gave me the other day. I've been studying over it ever since, but I can't see through it. It's this: How long will it take a rumor to cross the Pacific on a mud scow?"

"Why, my dear sir, that question is not susceptible of solution. There are two essential conditions wanting—the speed at which the scow travels and the exact width of the Pacific."

"That's where the difficulty comes in. I could work it in short meter if I knew that. Say, did you ever try to solve the race problem?"

"Race problem? Let me see; it's one of these catch questions that's going the rounds, is it not?"

"Yes, everybody is trying it; statesmen and newspaper editors in the North and the South are working at it, and no one has got the correct answer yet."

"It is strange that I have never seen it, for I am mathematically inclined. I am somewhat rusty, but by freshening my knowledge of geometry and calculus, I believe I could render a correct solution of it. What are the conditions?"

"Conditions! I haven't got the conditions. No conditions go with it. Just take the problem and work it; write it out on paper. Great crocodiles! Brought up under the wing of a polytechnic institute, and want conditions to work a problem like that. Your college may teach you a few big words, but you don't know anything about figures."

Just then the dinner bell rang and the traveler went in to dinner.

Absorbed His Mind.

He had a pleasant twinkle in his eye and a happy expression on his face as he stepped into a Main street meat-market and called for the butcher.

"What have you got that's good, real good to eat?"

"We have very nice beef, veal, mutton, ham, and chicken."

"I'll take chicken; it's the dearest, I reckon, and I don't care for expenses just at this phase of the moon. Put me up a big one, and charge a big price for it; I'm going to have a big time to-morrow."

"Wedding?"

"Well, yes; you've struck the right event. I don't make a practice of blowing myself this way, or of telling strangers about my private affairs, but the interesting day is so near that it absorbs my mind."

"You're to be the groom, eh?"

"That's what I am, but two months ago no one would have thought it. You see, I had a deadly rival for the affections of this here girl, and for a long time it looked as if he would carry off the prize. Why, it had gone so far that they had their pictures side by side in the family album, but just about that time I stepped in with a new scheme. I own considerable property and I managed to circulate the report that I had quick consumption and the doctors had given me up. I went without eating for a day or two, so as to look weak, feigned a cough, and in two weeks we had the day set. It'll make me short of breath to go through the ceremony to-morrow, but heavens! how fast I'll improve as soon as the knot is tied!"

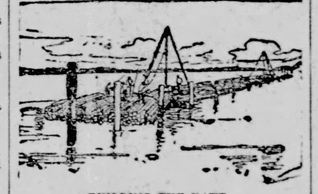
ANOTHER OCEAN RAFT.

10,000 LOGS BOUND TOGETHER.

Rafting Logs from New Brunswick to New York by Sea—Over Two Square Miles of Timber in One Mass.

MR. LEARY'S big timber raft started on Sunday, July 20, from Portland to New York, says the New York *Herald*. It is the fourth raft of the kind and the longest ever sent to sea. Although it contains only half as much timber as a raft that was taken safely through to New York two years ago, it covers almost twice as great a stretch of water.

The first experiment in ocean rafting was made about seven years ago, when a much smaller raft, built at Joggins by James Murray, the builder of this raft,



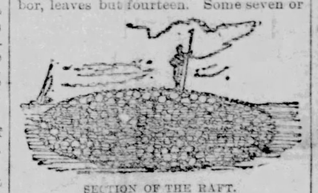
BUILDING THE RAFT.

was successfully towed to New York. Then came the big Leary raft some three years ago, which was lost at sea and caused so much danger to navigation. Next was the Leary raft of two years ago which, after a tempestuous passage, was landed in the Erie basin intact.

This raft was started from St. John, N. B., on June 17 last. It has twice been so badly damaged by rough weather that the tugs drawing it were obliged to put into shore for repairs. The first time was off Machias Seal Island on the coast of Maine, when two sections broke loose. They were smashed to pieces and presumably driven ashore. Nothing has been seen of the logs since by Leary's men. The second shaking up was just before reaching Portland, and again the tugs put into harbor for the raft to be patched up.

Since then the raft has been lying under the shelter of Peaks island, off Trefethen's landing, in Portland harbor. It was July 3 when the raft put in here, and, owing to the difficulty in getting men who understood the work, the patching-up process took until yesterday.

There were originally seventeen cribs or sections in the raft, but the loss of the two off Machias Seal island, and of another just before making Portland harbor, leaves but fourteen. Some seven or



SECTION OF THE RAFT.

eight hundred pieces—or, as the lumbermen say, sticks—of timber were lost in the first two cribs, and four hundred or so in the third.

Even without the lost sections, however, the raft is a mighty big object, as it stretches its black length in the waters of the bay off Peaks island. It would make an ordinary, peace-loving whale turn tail in terror, and paralyze the annual Coney Island sea serpent. The raft itself is 1,400 feet long, and from the tail end of it to the head tug is nearly half a mile.

Ocean rafting is only in its infancy. Mr. Leary is the only man that has yet tried the experiment, but the immense profits will eventually induce others to embark in the business. Or even if he continues to be the sole ocean raft builder it is altogether likely that he will keep sending the cribs of logs to New York or trying to send them there for an indefinite number of years.

With the great field for profit that he saw opened up to him in getting such rafts through, thereby avoiding both the enormous cost of transportation in steamships and of customs duties, he has purchased a vast tract of timber-bearing land in New Brunswick, and he will undoubtedly continue his efforts to raft lumber to New York unless either the Canadian government or our own take measures to stop the practice.

The present raft contains some ten thousand pieces or "sticks." They are from 40 to 70 feet long, with 12 to 30 inch butts. The cribs, or lockings, as the lumber men phrase it, are about 55 feet long. They are about 40 feet thick

WAITING FOR A FRESHET.

laterally and 12 feet high. When in the water they are submerged about nine feet, making a draught as great as many good sized vessels. As to say nothing of the resistance caused by their ungainly bulk. The logs are stowed in, some full lengths and others heads and points.

When originally put together the first half of each "locking" was laid in a broad frame and a one and seven-eighth inch chain, the center or core chain, run through and braced with a troughlike framework of board. Then under the semi-circular half was run a one-inch steel wire which was turned over the diametrical top of the section as one would turn a trunk strap. The upper half of the "locking" was then built up and the wire brought over it at the top, thus making a figure 8. The crib or "locking" was next bound around with six bands of one inch steel wire securely fastened at the top.

The core chain runs through all the cribs or lockings, and it is from this chain at the fore end of the raft that the drawing cables are stretched to the tug.

The Cagetown cribs or sections of the raft were built by Mr. Murray, who is Leary's associate, on land. Much incredulity was expressed by the lumbermen as to the possibility of getting the logs afloat by the spring freshet, upon which he depended to carry them off into the river.

The cribs rested on shore from the latter part of February till the snow melted, when the freshet came in the middle of May. Then the wisdom of Mr. Murray's plan was shown, for there was a fourteen foot rise of water, and the imprisoned cribs sailed off as gracefully as you please into the waters of the St. John. All this, of course, saved the expense of hauling down to the water's edge.

The raft that went to pieces and was entirely lost at sea three years ago had about as many logs as the present one, but was built in much thicker sections. Some of those logs may be riding the high sea yet, possibly thousands of miles off the Atlantic coast, where it was lost. The raft that was landed in New York two years ago contained over 22,000 sticks, but was only about 650 feet long.

There is now lying in Grand Harbor, below St. John, another raft as large as this one ready to be started for New York as soon as these logs are safely landed. The tract of timber land which he has bought contains material for nearly 2,000 more such rafts, and Mr. Leary is the man to whoop them along New Yorkward as long as there is a market for such lumber.

TO A SOUBRETTE.

'Tis years, soubrette, since last we met,
And yet, ah, yet, how swift and tender
My thoughts go back in Time's dull track
To you, sweet pink of female gender!
I shall not say, though others may,
That time all human joy enhances;
But the same old thrill comes to me still
With memories of your songs and dances.

Soubrettish ways these latter days
Invite my praise, but never get it;
I still am true to yours and you;
My record's made; I'll not upset it!
The pranks they play, the things they say,
I'd blush to put the like on paper;
And I'll avow they don't know how
To dance, so awkwardly they caper!

I used to sit down in the pit
And see you flit like elf or fairy
Across the stage, and I'll engage
No moonbeams spirits were half so airy.
Lo! everywhere about me there
Were rivals reeking with pomatum,
And if perchance they caught a glance
In song or dance, how I did hate 'em!

At half-past ten came rapture; then
Of all those men was I most happy,
For wine and things are food for kings
And tete-a-tetes were on the tapis.
Do you forget, my fair soubrette,
Those suppers in the Cafe Rector,
The cosey nook where we partook
Of sweeter draughts than fabled nectar?

Oh, happy days, when youth's wild ways
Knew every phase of harmless folly!
Oh, blissful nights, whose fierce delights
Defied gaunt-featured Melancholy!
Gone are they all beyond recall,
And I, a shade, a mere reflection,
Am forced to feed my spirit's greed
Upon the husks of retrospection.

And lo! to-night the phantom light
That as a sprite flits on the fender
Reveals a face whose girlish grace
Brings back the feeling, warm and tender;
And all the while the old-time smile
Plays on my visage, grim and wrinkled,
As though, soubrette, your footfalls yet
Upon my rusty heart-strings tinkled.

—[Eugene Field in Chicago News.

UNEARTHED BY A SPOOK.

Manifestations That Led to the Discovery of a Horrible Crime.

It appears that the body of Miles Faucett, the victim of the Pottses, was discovered—or at least the discovery was led to—by remarkable phenomena in the house where he came to his death. After the tragedy and the disappearance of the Pottses, George Brewer, of Lamoille Valley, rented and moved into the house with his family. Mrs. Brewer used to write sometimes for the Elko *Free Press* over the nom de plume of "Busy Bee."

EDITOR PRESS:—I have been intending to write to you for several weeks, but you know when one moves to a new place one is naturally kept very busy for a while, and in addition to other matters of interest it is a little exciting when one has the good luck to move into a veritable haunted house. Not many persons have such a thing to happen to them these days. So far the ghost hasn't scared any of us, but it is here just the same. Sometimes he taps on the headboards of the bed, other times he stalks across the kitchen floor, and anon he hammers away at the door, but nobody's there. But the gayest capers of all are cut up in the cellar. There he holds high revel, and upsets the pickles and carries on generally.

BUSY BEE.

This incident, together with the continued noise, finally led Mr. Brewer to investigate, and about two weeks after the above letter was written he went down into the cellar to see what was up. After probing about with an iron rod he found a soft spot under where some shelves had been erected in the cellar. Further investigation led to the discovery of the remains of a human being that had been covered up in a hole at the side of the cellar. The remains were all cut to pieces, the head charred and fleshless, having been chopped up and burned. The legs, arms and body were in small pieces and beyond recognition. The only thing that remained to tell the tale was a half-burned pocket of the murdered man, in which was found an old knife. This was recognized as belonging to Miles Faucett.—[Reno Journal.

Bound to Have His Bath.

Gen. H. C. Bankhead, U. S. A., retired, is one of the kind of men that don't like to get left. Last Sunday he visited Asbury Park and a part of his programme was to have a sea bath. Upon his arrival he went to the beach and was a little surprised to find no bathers there. He repaired to the bath house, where he found the proprietor, and upon making known his desire for a bath was informed that it was Sunday and that no worldly pleasures were permitted at Asbury Park on that day. He asked: "Who owns these bath houses?"

"I do," responded the keeper, and they can't be used to-day."

"Who owns all the bathing suits?"

"I do," again responded the meek and lowly disciple of Asbury, "and they can't be used on the Lord's day."

"Well, do you own the ocean?

"No, sir."

"Who does?"

"Well, God owns that, I suppose."

"All right, then," responded the general. "I know he won't object," and with these words the general threw off his hat and coat and plunged in, to the dismay and astonishment of the Asburyites. After having a good swim he repaired to his hotel dripping, saying to the proprietor: "I came here for a swim, and I'll be d——d if I didn't have it."—[New York World.

The Nude in Real Life.

A most delicate and distressing incident is reported from a police court in St. Louis, says the Kansas City *Star*. It appears that a party of ladies and gentlemen was enjoying an excursion on the river, when the struggles of a drowning man were observed at a certain number of points off the lee bow. Hasty arrangements were perfected to rescue him, when the ladies objected. They pointed out very properly and forcibly that the man was devoid of apparel; that his appearance on board would be a gross violation of the customs and habits of good society, and would tend to cheapen a rule of decorum which is positive in its expression. The argument was so prolonged and heated that the man was going down for the last time, when a coarse, brutal deck-hand, with no regard for polite amenities, threw him a rope and he was hauled or board, whereupon the ladies fled blushing to the cabin.

While offended modesty will be glad to learn that the fellow was carried off to jail and fined $5 and costs for going in swimming without clothes and without a license, it is plain that something must be done to meet such emergencies in future. A notice, framed in a gilt frame may be a work of art in a salon or a picture gallery, but he is not a suitable subject for a select party in the higher walks of life. At the same time it seems a pity to allow a human being to lose his life merely because his clothes happen to be where he can not conveniently get at them.

Facts About Hailstones.

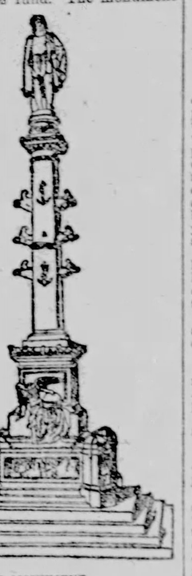
It is the heavy blocks of ice which do the greatest amount of damage, as naturally a lump weighing even an ounce is a formidable missile when it falls from a height of 1,000 feet. When these falls are about to take place observers have reported that a peculiar rattling sound is heard in the atmosphere, evidently from collision between these stones striking one another in their fall. A very careful observer, who was overtaken by one of these falls in the Caucasus, near Tiflis, states that it occurred immediately after an ordinary hail shower, and that he could see the successive showers marching over the country, and noticed that between the last edge of the falling hail and the front edge of the falling ice blocks there was a distinct break, through which he could see the sun shining. It was on this particular occasion that the best specimens of crystal-bespangled hailstones have been recorded and sketched, but others have been reported from Natal, and quite recently from Philadelphia, United States, on Oct. 1, 1880.—[Longman's Magazine.

COLUMBUS TO BE HONORED

BY A MONUMENT IN NEW YORK,

Erected by Patriotic Italians in Honor of Their Fellow-Countryman, the Discoverer of the Western World.

In February of last year a movement was set on foot by *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* to erect on the fourth centenary of the discovery of America a monument to Christopher Columbus, to be given to the city of New York. Subscription blanks were issued, and a fund of $5,000 has been accumulated, together with objects of every kind to be disposed of at a fair which will shortly be held, and by which the committee hope greatly to augment the fund. The monument



THE MONUMENT.

will be constructed in Italy by the famous sculptor, Gaetano Russo, whose design was selected and approved by a committee nominated by the Italian government. This committee was composed of the most eminent sculptors, painters and architects of the country.

The monument will be 75 feet in height. The statue of Columbus in the costume of an admiral will be executed in Carrara marble. The column will be of granite, in the form of the ancient Roman beaked columns, and from it will project representations of the poops and prows of the three vessels which accompanied Columbus on his voyage of discovery. The anterior portion of the pedestal will contain a group representing the "Genius of Columbus," his hand resting on a globe of the world, which he is earnestly studying. On the posterior portion will be a representation in bronze of an immense eagle, the coat of arms of Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus. The sides of the pedestal will have bas-reliefs representing facts in the life of the great navigator.

The proprietor of *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*, Carlo Barsotti, having obtained the consent of the subscribers, has already commissioned the sculptor to begin his work, and the paper still continues to receive contributions of money and of objects for the fair. The total cost will be $80,000. Premier Crispi has given 1,000 lire, Minister Boselli 100 lire, and promises of presents for the fair have been given by the king and queen of Italy and the grand master of the Italian Masons.

TRUE BLUE.

No; marriage ain't no sinecure—jes' lay the baby down.
He's fas' asleep. Go easy, now, 'n' turn the cradle roun'
Out o' the sun—the little lamb! He didn't git much rest
Them, ol' musketeers buzzin' roun'—'n' spread the net—that's right.
He's safe 'n' soun', 'n' thank the Lord—jes' pick up of the floor.
Them celebrates has been playin' with. I'll need 'em all 'n' more.
The washin' 's pilin' big this week—'n' Mandy, you come here!
I want them things run thro' the blue, 'n' rinse 'em lively, dear.

Of course folks got to marry, child—them on the bline-did—
The Lord ain't meant no different when he made 'em as he did.
I allus think it's worried him right from the very firs'
To have ol' maids left over—'n' bachelors is worse.
'N' yet, they have the bestest time: they git some peace 'n' ease.
But, shu! I wouldn't change with 'em; they ain't got much to fear.
Nor nothing much to hope, I guess—keep rinsin' lively, dear.

I bin through troubles, firs' 'n' las, enough to turn my hair
Whiter 'n' them there pillar-shams—why, la! the wear 'n' tear
Jes' of the every days, not countin' sickness in, nor death.
But jes' the hull'ren' the meals 'n' drawin' daily breath
'N' goin' daily roun's—my, my! But there, I won't complain;
I'd turn back to my weddin'-day 'n' start right in again
'N' go clean through it, every ach 'n' pain 'n' smile 'n' tear—
Don't let them collars git too blue; keep rinsin' lively, dear.

I can't see as we've any right to lounge about 'n' laze;
I know I'd be a-scared up roun' the las' part of my days
To think I'd had too good a time. It ain't a Christian's lot;
Not 'cordin' to the promises. I'd defer far than not.
Jus' feel the thorns a-hurtin' 'n' the cross I'm boun' to bear—
Folks don't git crowns fer nothin' Mandy, hear me anywhere.
I'd rather have my ups 'n' downs whichever way I steer,
'N' life won't never git too blue, a-movin' lively, dear.

—[Madeline S. Bridge in Judge.

A Test Case.

Snagsby—In asking you to be my wife, Miss Richgore, I do not forget that I am not your equal in the matter of birth; but remember, "the grand old gardener and his wife smile at the claims of long descent."

Miss Richgore—Well, Mr. Snagsby, there is the gardener out on the lawn. He has one unmarried daughter, and I hope you will go in and win.—[Puck.

She Wanted the Advertisement.

Knowing Matron—Why didn't you secure a divorce from your husband when you were in Chicago? You could get it more easily there than anywhere else, you know.

Shrewd Actress—Yes, but it wouldn't cause a sensation there.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Sound Advice.

"I'm terribly embarrassed; my eldest son is just nineteen and I haven't the slightest idea what I shall make of him."

"Doesn't he show an inclination for any particular vocation?"

"Well, he seems fond of traveling—going about you know."

"I've got it; make him a—a"—

"A what?"

"Why, a bank cashier."—[Judge.

Lovers, Beware!

Young wife—Then you won't fulfill this trifling request of mine!

Husband—Not on any account!

The wife silently brings out a phonograph, which, on being set in motion, pronounces audibly the following words:

"Dearest Agnes, when once we are married, I will do my utmost to carry out every wish I can read in your eyes."—[Humoristische Blatter.

UNAWARES.

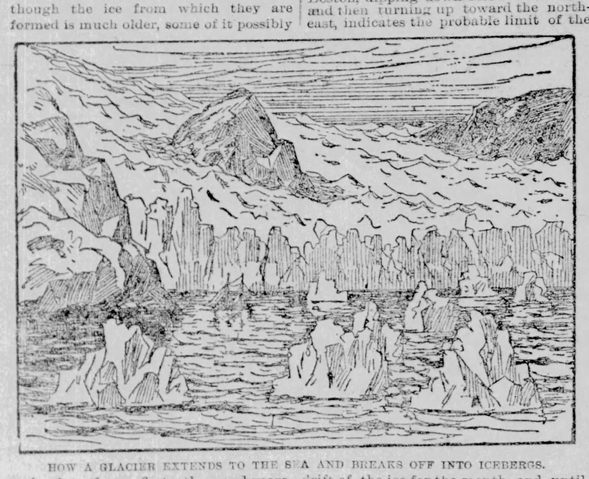
He leaned from out the dusty car,
And looked far up the village street,
Where great green bough

THE ATLANTIC ICEBERGS.

HOW THEY FORM FROM GLACIERS

In Greenland and Alaska—Their Drift Southward—Map of the Dangerous Part of the North Atlantic.

THE story of any of the ice seen from a vessel crossing the Atlantic this month, begins many years ago, says the New York *Sun*. Icebergs are born every day in every month, but most of them remain in or near their native waters for a long time before they escape and wander to the great lanes of travel between here and Europe. The bergs which will be seen this summer are from two to ten years old; that is, they have had an existence individually for years, though the ice from which they are formed is much older, some of it possibly



HOW A GLACIER EXTENDS TO THE SEA AND BREAKS OFF INTO ICEBERGS.

having been frozen first a thousand years ago. Bergs are born of glaciers. Four out of every five floating masses in the Atlantic come from Greenland; the fifth may be from Spitzbergen sea, Frobisher's sound or Hudson strait. A glacier is a river of solid water confined in the depressions running down the mountain sides.

Soft and powdery snow falls upon the summits, and though some is evaporated, the yearly fall is greater than the yearly loss, and so the excess is pushed down the slope into valleys which possibly at the time are covered with green and have afforded pasture lands for cattle. The snow gathers in the high valleys and every day undergoes some degree of the change which finally transforms it into ice. More snow falls upon the summits and is driven down the mountain side, piled on the surface of the growing glacier and forced down into the mass beneath as new ice. So the glaciers grow, and come down the mountain valleys of Greenland to the sea. They are the parents of the North Atlantic icebergs. So, too, in Alaska there are tremendous glaciers, and one of the incidents of an ordinary Alaskan journey is the cruising of your vessel along the coast, where the glaciers break off and fall into the water. They are far more beautiful than the finest of the glaciers of Switzerland, and in size they are so great that the largest Alpine glacier would make only a fair-sized nose, if it could be taken bodily and placed upon the face of one of the Alaskan giants. At Glacier Bay icebergs are being born all the while. Muir glacier, the largest in that inlet, is more than two miles in front of 5,000 feet. It is 700 feet thick, five-sevenths of it being under water. It extends back for miles and miles. Each day the central part moves 70 feet into the sea, the discharge every 24 hours being 140,000,000 cubic feet of clear ice. As this great quantity cracks into pieces from the glacier the bergs of the North Pacific begin their life. The separation from the larger mass and the plunge into the sea cause terrific noises.

The interior of Greenland is a solid mass of ice. In fact, some people think that at about the central part of Greenland there is a high mountain around whose sides there has grown through the centuries an enormous glacier sending down in every direction branch glaciers that extend to the coast. It is known that the only part of the land which is not covered completely by ice is a narrow belt around the shore. Crossing this belt at hundreds of places are the glaciers. Some are only a few hundred feet wide and fifty feet thick, while others are several miles wide and measure 1,500 feet from surface to bottom. All of these ice streams are making their way to the sea, and as their ends are forced out into the water by the pressure behind they are broken off and set adrift as bergs. The rate of movement of the glaciers is variously estimated. The central part of a glacier moves more rapidly than the sides. The progress of the Greenland glaciers is, in many cases, at the rate of 47 feet a day in the centre, while at the sides it varies from ten to fifteen. The large sketch printed with this article, shows how a glacier comes down to the water's edge and there gives birth to bergs. The big black protruding bulk in the centre of the mass of ice is a rock which the glacier overtook in its journey down the mountain side, shoved from its original moorings and has carried slowly to the coast. This picture, of necessity, was taken some time ago, and very likely now the rock is at

A DRIFTING BERG.

mer months off the banks of Newfoundland. When they are first set free on the west Greenland shore they take some months to find their way out of Davis Strait. And yet once in a great while a single berg will at once drift into the southerly current, and move unobstructed until it is devoured in the Gulf Stream. The difference in time of two bergs in reaching a low latitude, which were set adrift on the same day, may be from one to two years.

Much of the ice encountered at sea is discolored and often full of dirt and gravel, while not infrequently stones are found imbedded in it. Along the shores of Labrador, where there is a large rise and fall in the tide, ice is brought in contact with the bottom, and mud and seaweed are frozen into it, while at times land slides precipitate large quantities of dirt and stones on its surface. As the ice leaves the coast and comes to the southward it brings these burdens with it, which are deposited on the ocean bottom when the ice melts. As this melting occurs to a great extent over the Grand Banks, it would seem that the deposit from the field ice would be greater than that from bergs. It is hard to understand why bergs should have foreign substances frozen into them, as they are formed from snow deposited on the frozen surfaces in the interior of Greenland, and hence their thickness is added to from their upper surface. It is possible that in their journey south in the Arctic current they accumulate more or less foreign matter by having it ground into their bottoms, but this does not seem probable, as it is hard to force gravel into ice and give it a permanent hold, while mud accumulated in this way would soon be washed out. Then, too, the largest bergs find their way around the edges of the Banks, and do not cross, on account of their draught, for only an average-size berg crosses the Banks.

ICEBERG AND ICE FIELDS OFF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The bottom of the sea. Its baptism in the ocean must have made a magnificent splash. The ship near the ice-hidden shore never was there probably. The sole reason the artist drew it there in the sketch was to show the comparative sizes of a ship and a new-born iceberg. As may be easily discovered the icebergs as a rule are bigger. But the older they get the smaller they become.

Ensign Hugh Rodman, of the United States navy who went up to Newfoundland a few months ago for the Hydrographic bureau, explains many interesting things about glaciers and bergs, in a report he has just made on "ice and ice movements in the North Atlantic Ocean." He says: "Once the glacier extends into deep water, pieces are broken off by their buoyancy, aided possibly by the currents and the brittleness of the ice. This process is called calving. The size of the pieces set adrift varies greatly, but a berg from 60 to 100 feet to the top of its walls whose spires or pinnacles may reach from 200 to 500 feet in height, and from 500 to 500 yards in length, is considered an average size berg in the Arctic. These measurements apply to the part above water, which is about one-eighth or one-ninth of the whole mass. Many authors give the depth under water as being from eight to nine times the height above; this is incorrect, and measurements above and below water should be referred to mass and not to height. It is even possible to have a berg as high out of water as it is deep below the surface, if we imagine a large, solid lump of any regular shape, which has a very small, sharp, high pinnacle in the center, the height above water can easily be equalto the depth below."

In the smaller picture given herewith is shown how much of an average berg is below the water. Sometimes the submerged parts of the berg are broken, and then the berg topples, until in another position a new equilibrium is found. Often they are so nicely balanced that the slightest melting of their surfaces causes a change in the center of gravity and they are liable to capsize. There are examples without end where vessels have been seriously injured, if not lost, by bergs breaking up or turning over.

Each glacier in Greenland, so far as any estimate has been made, give birth each year to from ten to one hundred icebergs. When these bergs have plunged into the Arctic sea, they are picked up by the Arctic current and begin their journey to the North Atlantic. But there are thousands of them afloat; they crowd and rub against each other and frequently they break into smaller masses. Many go aground in the Arctic basin, others get to the shores of Labrador, where from one end to the other they continually ground and float. Some disappear there, while others get safely past and reach the Grand Banks.

Accompanying this article is a map showing how at last the surviving bergs have reached the North Atlantic Ocean and are gathered, a stately fleet, off the shores of Newfoundland. This map is a reprint of part of the pilot chart of the North Atlantic Ocean for this month, published by the Hydrographic Bureau. It shows the probable location of the ice fields for July, based upon official observations and the voluntary reports of sea captains. Those many little marks off Cape Sable, Sable Island, and St. Johns, reaching out to sea east and south, represent islands and ships and other fantastic forms of ice. The curved line extending from about the latitude of Boston, dipping down below New York and then turning up toward the northeast, indicates the probable limit of the drift of the ice for the month; and until the hydrographic office issues its next monthly chart prudent skippers will not sail within that line. Last month the ice limit was about the same, but the fleet of bergs indicated at that time upon the chart lay further away from the land and were gathered more closely together. Most of the ice cebergs were made several seasons ago. If bergs, as soon as they are born, at once moved to the south and met with no obstructions, their journey of about 1,200 to 1,500 miles would occupy from four to five months. This is on the the supposition that the Arctic current sweeps along ten miles a day, which is perhaps really less than its actual progress. If bergs were liberated, principally in July and August, they should reach trans-Atlantic routes in December and January; but this is a rare exception. Bergs are generally the most plentiful in the late spring and the late summer months off the banks of Newfoundland. When they are first set free on the west Greenland shore they take some months to find their way out of Davis Strait. And yet once in a great while a single berg will at once drift into the southerly current, and move unobstructed until it is devoured in the Gulf Stream. The difference in time of two bergs in reaching a low latitude, which were set adrift on the same day, may be from one to two years.

Listen—a song of rejoicing.
Hearts that were heavy are glad.
Women, look up and be hopeful,
There's help and there's health to be had
Take courage, O weak one! the comfort,
And drive back the foe that you fear
With the weapon that never will fail you.
O, be of good cheer,

for when you suffer from any of the weaknesses, "irregularities," and "functional derangements," peculiar to your sex, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription you can put the enemy of ill-health and happiness to out. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive *guarantee* of satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See bottle-wrapper.

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

Johnny's Opinion.

Teacher—Johnny, in the sentence, "the audience cheered the tennis players loudly," you may point out the absurdity.

Johnny—There isn't any absurdity, ma'am.

"Are you sure? What is the meaning of the word 'audience?'"

"An assemblage of hearers."

"Exactly. And do persons hear a game of tennis?"

"Yes'm. They hear the racket."—[Chicago Tribune.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Sick-Headache.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

What the Dark Spots in Luna Have Led Folks to Imagine.

The dark spots in the moon have kindled the imagination of the people of all countries. Many have imagined they could trace in them the face of a beast. Ed. Meyer supposes that the Ibis-headed Thoth was consecrated the Moon God by the Egyptians, on the idea that an ibis was represented by the spots on the moon. The Hindoos recognized the form of a gazelle or deer, and call the moon Mrigadhara, or the gazelle chariot. According to the Ceylonese, the hare was transferred by Buddha to the moon because he recognized the hungry, pilgrim-glad God, and voluntarily laid himself on the fire for his refreshment. The Mongols have a similar legend, except that for Buddha they substitute Boldo Dschagdschamuni the supreme ruler of heaven. The Aztecs have a legend that in the beginning sun and moon were equally bright, and the gods not liking it, one of them threw a rabbit in the moon's face. Backholz speaks of a superstition that man ought not to imitate the hare in the moon by shadows cast on the wall, lest it pollute the fingers. It is a North German joke that an inhabitant of a village near Hamburg tied his pocket-knife on a string and threw it into the moon, where it draws up and down and makes holes and spots. According to an Ober-Palatinate legend, there is an old giant who, when he is tired of going afoot, swings himself on one of the mountain peaks of the rising moon and rides there. In South Africa the hare was the embassador of the gods to men, but instead of bringing them life he brought death, for which the moon-god having split his nose, he retaliated by scratching the moon in the face. There is a Hindoo legend that Indra once, with the help of Candra the moon-god, seduced Ahalya, the wife of a holy man. Candra knew that the good man left his hut at cock-crow for prayers and morning ablutions in the Ganges, and crew before midnight. While the husband was gone Indra assumed his appearance and went to the wife, but the husband having been informed by the the river goddess of the premature crowing, hurried home and whipped both gods severely, and inflicted on them the curse that the marks of the blows should remain ineradicable. According to the Khasias (a Himalayan tribe) the moon makes love every month to his mother-in-law, who will not listen to him but throws ashes in his face. The Esquimaux say that the sun, Maline, being pursued by his brother, the moon, Anninga, blackened his face with soot. According to the natives of Panama and Guiana, the man in the moon was banished there for committing incest with his sister.

Sometimes the legend is connected with biblical personages. A Wendisch popular song has it that King David sits in the moon playing his harp to another man's wife.

According to Pratorius, the man in the moon is the patriarch Isaac, carrying a bundle of sticks to the altar of Mount Morian; and according to Dante, it is Cain carrying a bundle of thorns as the meanest offering to God which his fields afforded. In Iceland the people recognize the face of Adam in the moon, and that of Eve in the sun. The Frieburgers recognize Judas Iscariot sneezing in his hand before he hung himself.

Many legends attribute the dark spots in the moon to giants and their labors. One has it that at the creation God threw an offending angel into the moon; another legend is that the moon witnessed the creation of our first parents, and photographed their forms upon his countenance, but in attempting to create men himself, he produced only a serpent. Among the Polynesians the man in the moon is an absent chief. Others, as the Esquimaux, make the moon the dwelling place of the dead; and, according to the Polynesian saying, the moon serves as food for the spirits of the departed. Many recognize a woman spinning, weaving or plaiting, or doing some other task which will last until the end of the world. A similar legend is found among the Potowotami. A woman is sewing a shirt in which she puts one stitch every seven years, which will finish the shirt by the end of the world. In many countries the legends have it, that the man in the moon was banished there for theft, in others for the violation of Sundays and holydays, and especially for theft on Christmas eve; and in the legends of many lands we learn what the man in the moon, or woman as it may be, has to do and submit to, of which let one example suffice. A farmer named Moon having been banished to the moon for working on Sunday, promised his wife, before his death, that he would return to fetch her; he roused her at night and bade her wrap herself up very warm, as it was very cold in his new home, and she dressed herself in a fur robe and wooden shoes. The man appears before midnight and the wife after, and since her fur will not let in the cold, all the frost falls on the earth during her watch.—[W. Drexler in Deutsche Revue.

THE CHALLIE GOWN.

Here's to the girl whose dresses neat
Would captivate a king—
Who always looks as fresh and sweet
As blossoms in the Spring.
She's sure to all the rest surpass
In deity or dress—
The wise and witching pretty lass
Who wears the challie gown.

Her dresses, soft and clinging, show
The outlines of her form,
And look as cool and neat as though
The days were never warm.
What, though her face may homely be,
Or sometimes wear a frown,
We're sure to love her when we see
Her pretty challie gown.

Oh, girls! If you would win men's hearts,
And make them to confess,
No matter what your queenly arts,
Be careful how you dress.
They, in your love, will seek to share,
And on their knees go down,
If you are wise enough to wear
A pretty challie gown.

—[Chicago Post.

The American Citizen Abroad.

If we are fortunate when a man like Mr. Lowell, or his successors, Mr. Phelps or Mr. Lincoln, is our representative in England, how fortunate are we when a multitude of those who also represent what is best and most characteristic in America are familiar figures in foreign countries! There are many such often going and coming by whom we should all be glad to be estimated. They have, indeed, a serious responsibility, of which we will hope they are conscious. Although they have no official character, they are still our ambassadors, ordinary, if not extraordinary, and their conduct credits or discredits all their countrymen. In other years the official American minister in a foreign city has been known, under the illusion of the grape, and attired in raiment which was certainly not official, to harangue from the balcony of his hotel the wondering passengers in the street. Another, dangling his feet from the sides of a barouche, with a cigar at the Bowery angle in his mouth, and a fiercely cocked hat on his head, announced in another city that he'd be —— if he wasn't a free American citizen. Happily we are no longer at the mercy of Choctaw representatives. But every steamer takes away a crowd of American envoys by whose intelligence and conduct we may all feel glad to be judged. They are very sure to win for their country the respect of other lands, and to make serious and menacing troubles with them much more difficult. "If only all anti-slavery men were like you," said a planter to Wendell Phillips, with whom, not knowing him, he had been talking in a railroad car, "we could easily settle these matters." The sure bond of national amity is friendly personal knowledge.—[Harper's Weekly.

Knew What He Wanted Anyhow.

A country couple, newly married, went to Cony Island last week, and the groom called for some wine. When asked what kind, he replied:

"We want that kind of wine where the corks busts out and the stuff begins to bile and keeps on a-bilin' till you get the worth of your money.—[Chatter.

A Surprise.

Cumso—Do you know I really heard one lady praise another lady's hat today?

Brown—Dear me!

Cumso—Yes; the one who did the praising was the milliner who made the hat.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Some Points on the Weed-ow.

There is, generally speaking, nothing green about a widow, notwithstanding her weeds.—[Boston Transcript.

Why It Is Popular.

Because it has proven its absolute merit over and over again, because it has an unequalled record of cures, because its business is conducted in a thoroughly honest manner, and because it combines economy and strength, being the only medicine of which "100 Doses One Dollar" is true—these strong points have made Hood's Sarsaparilla the most successful medicine of the day.

THE BEHRING SEA CASE.

OUR DISPUTE WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

History of the Trouble—We Have, of Right, Full Supremacy Over the Portion Bought of Russia in 1867, with Alaska.

The first remonstrance by England to the American claim to Behring Sea was made in August, 1889, just after the seizure of the Black Diamond, of Victoria, for seal poaching, and serious complications were threatened between the United States and Canada. At Victoria there was talk at the time of armed resistance. The following facts were then adduced to show the position of the United States in the matter:

The jurisdiction of the United States over Behring Sea has been seriously disputed by foreign powers since 1885, when the invention of a new seal gun made open-sea sealing profitable, and on behalf of the Victoria sealers the British government set up the claim that the Behring was not a closed sea. Since the middle of the eighteenth century Russia claimed exclusive control of the Behring Sea, because of its Alaskan possessions, the ownership of the Aleutian Islands and the right of discovery. These claims were never disputed.

In 1867 the United States purchased Alaska, with all the seas and islands east, for the sum of $7,500,000. In this way it succeeded to Russia's rights in the Behring. After England's claim of 1885 there was some dispute as to the application of the Alaskan fishery laws to the Behring, and, to remove all doubt, Congress on March 2, 1889, passed a special law declaring that the fishery laws applied to the whole of the seas and islands.

The Victoria sealers publicly said they would not obey that law, and a few days later President Harrison issued a proclamation notifying all persons that ships caught in the Behring Sea, or with contraband sealskins on board, would be seized and confiscated. Despite this proclamation twenty-two sealers fitted out in Victoria, four in Puget Sound and sixteen in San Francisco. The Black Diamond was the first one seized by the Rush, which was sent to the Behring to enforce the law.

Is it a Closed Sea?

The settlement of the vexed Behring Sea trouble depends upon the nature of the rights purchased by the United States from Russia, and, further, whether the Behring Sea can be considered a closed sea or not. In 1867 negotiations were opened for the purchase of Alaska by Mr. Seward. It is claimed by those who hold to the "closed sea theory" that when Alaska was ceded to the United States the line of demarcation determining the western boundary made it a *mare clausum*, from the southernmost point on Prince of Wales Island to a point near Atton Island of the Aleutian grant, thus making a complete close.

This imaginary line of demarcation runs a course of about 900 miles from northeast to southwest. The whole area of Behring sea, including Norton's sound and Bristol bay, is about 600,000 square miles. The St. George and St. Paul islands, where most of the seal are captured, are about 700 miles north of the Aleutian Peninsula and 500 miles west of the main line of the coast. The seal are frequently found now several hundred miles from shore, and are gradually working their way northward, being driven thither by the pirate sealers.

Russia's Position.

Russia, on her part, always insisted that Behring sea was a closed sea, and that she had complete jurisdiction and dominion within it. This theory Russia upholds to the present day, as far as the western portion of the sea is concerned. The San Francisco *Chronicle* states that the Alaska Commercial company, which, until recently, had the exclusive right to capture seals in the American waters of Behring sea, has now secured a contract with the Russian government granting them the exclusive right to capture seals on the Siberian coast. And how jealously Russia guards her rights there is indicated in the answer of Capt. Folger, of the Victoria sealer Penelope, as to "Why don't some of you fellows make a raid on the Russian seal islands?" It was as follows: "Oh, nothing like that! I've tried it and it's not healthy. I was shot at by the Russians on their islands. They don't seize—they kill there."

Before the Alaskan Purchase.

The rights purchased from Russia with Alaska doubtlessly included the jurisdiction and dominion of Behring sea. In 1824 there was a correspondence carried on between the Russian and the United States governments relative to the navigation, fishing and trading in the Pacific ocean. It was this correspondence which Lord Salisbury reviewed in a letter to the British minister at Washington, September 10, 1887, and this letter forms the basis of England's claims to-day. Lord Salisbury wrote:

The convention between the United States of America and Russia of April 17, 1824, put an end to any further pretension on the part of Russia to restrict navigation or fishing in Behring sea, so far as American citizens were concerned, for, by Article 1, it was agreed that in any part of the great ocean, commonly called the Pacific Ocean or South Sea, the respective citizens or subjects of the high contracting powers shall not be disturbed nor restrained either in navigation or fishing, and a similar stipulation in the convention between this country (England) and Russia in the following year (May 15, 1825) put England, as regards British subjects, to the pretensions of Russia, and which had been entirely repudiated by Her Majesty's government in correspondence with the Russian government in 1821 and 1822.

A Difficulty.

Mr. Blaine's difficulty now is in this nonsertion of supreme rights in Behring Sea at the time of the purchase of Alaska, though it is an undoubted fact that Russia in the treaty of 1867 did sell all the rights which she then held were hers, in spite of the 1824 correspondence, and which she maintains on the western portion of the sea. The pelagic boundary between Siberia and Alaska was fully established in this treaty. It was understood that "the United States government has exclusive jurisdiction and dominion over the waters east of the treaty boundary from the starting point in Behring Strait to the Aleutian chain off Atto Island, and that the Russian government has jurisdiction and dominion west of the same line."

REFERENCES.

(1) Kadiak Island.
(2) Nunivak Island.
(3) Lawrence Island.
(4) St. Matthew Island.
(5) Pribylov Islands.

FRIDAY IN HISTORY.

Many Notable Events Have Happened on this Particular Day.

Sailors, as a class, are superstitious, and attach much importance to signs and omens. When rats desert a sinking ship, Jack requires no further notice to pack his chest. In many ports at the present time, and in this port, sailors would leave a vessel if the sailing day was set for a Friday. As a matter of fact, history records the following: Friday, August 1, 1492, Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery. Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land. Friday, January 4, 1494, he sailed on his return to Spain, which he reached in safety, the happy result which led to the settlement of this vast continent. Friday, June 13, 1498, he discovered the continent of America. Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII., of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England. Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years. Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Princetown, and on the same day they signed that august compact. Friday, December 21, 1620, the Pilgrims made a final landing at Plymouth Rock. Friday, February 22, 1732, George Washington was born. Friday, September 22, 1780, Arnold's treason was laid bare, which saved us from destruction. Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender of Cornwallis took place. Friday, July 1776, the motion was made in Congress by John Adams, and seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent. Friday, November 20, 1721, the first Masonic lodge was organized in North America. Friday, March 15, 1099, the Hudson river was discovered. Friday, November 28, 1814, the first newspaper printed by steam, the London *Times*, was printed. Friday, December, 25, 1742, Isaac Newton was born. Friday, June 3, the first steam vessel to cross the Atlantic sailed from Savannah. The Great Eastern left the Irish coast to lay the Atlantic cable on Friday, and reached Heart's Content on Friday. Queen Victoria was married on Friday. Napoleon Bonaparte was born on Friday. Battle of Bunker Hill was fought on Friday. Joan of Arc burned at the stake on Friday. Battle of Waterloo fought on Friday. Battle of Marengo fought on Friday. Julius Cæsar assassinated on Friday. Lee surrendered on Friday. Fort Sumter bombarded on Friday. Moscow burned on Friday. Shakespeare born on Friday. Battle of Orleans fought on Friday. Richmond evacuated on Friday.—[Ocean.

A Practical Bride.

Miss Ebony—I's goin' ter hab married nex' week, missus.

Kind lady—Indeed. Then I suppose, Cleo, that I'll have to seek another washwoman, won't I?

"No, 'indeed, missus' I'll do the wash same's befoh, an' if yo' please, won't you ax yo' friends if they'd like some washin' done. I spects a lady wif a husband has got ter hustle."—[Good News.

A Linguistic Prodigy.

Admiring Friend—And your son is doing well with his languages?

Fond Mother—Yes, indeed; he now reads English, French and Edgar Saltus without a lexicon.—[Life.

A Reminder.

He only shaved clean once a week,
And when he died, his widow bought
A cactus plant and kissed it oft;
Thus was he to her memory brought.
—[Philadelphia Times.

Consumption Surely Cured:

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

A PORTIA IN PARIS.

The Roumanian Girl Who Has Just Become a Doctor of Laws.

Mlle. Bilcesco, a Roumanian girl 23 years old, has successfully passed her examination before the Paris Law Faculty, and is now a full-fledged LL. D. Mlle. Bilcesco is very decided in her tastes, very bold when speaking of law and the rights of woman, but painfully timid when addressed on ordinary subjects. She belongs to a good family, and came to Paris with her mother in 1884, and after some hesitation on the part of the faculty was admitted to the law classes. Among her opponents was M. Colmet de Santerre, who afterward became her professor, and to-day he considers Mlle. Bilcesco one of his most brilliant pupils.

Her law examination attracted as much attention as a first representation at any theatre, and well it might, for Mlle. Bilcesco is the first "doctress en droit" of France.

She had the good sense to choose for her essay a subject that injured no one's sensibilities: "The Legal Condition of a Mother According to Roumanian Law and According to French Law."

A French lawyer tells me, says a *Post Dispatch* correspondent, that the ideas of this young girl are surprising in their elevation. Here are some of them: "Woman should have the right, not to intrude on man's province, but to show herself his equal in fulfilling the mission that is really hers. This mission consists not only in perpetuating the race, but, above all, in training those who are to be men. Woman, like man, forms a part of a civil or political society, in other words, of a state. Indeed, woman is not less than man in the formation of laws, in the government of public affairs, in the administration of justice. We think often it does not become her to be a direct participant, but she has for representatives father, brother, husband and son."

Mlle. Bilcesco concluded by asking that with reference to the child a mother have the same rights as are now enjoyed by the father.

When questioned Mlle. Bilcesco answered without hesitation, and in the discussion she used the arguments necessary to baffle her opponents.

Churches in London.

There is an uncommon number of churches in London; they are marvelously common objects. They are almost all stone, and railed in with granite posts and iron fences. Two things about the Episcopal churches (which are in the majority strike an American as peculiar. One is that fire apparatus is often stored in the little enclosure. That up against a dingy church wall you see a bright red ladder or a flaming tool or hose cart. The fire ladders are on wheels. Church yards are sometimes regular fire stations, and in such cases a red lantern is hung on the railings at night with the words "Fire Station" glaring in its lighted front. The other peculiar thing about the churches is that public notices and placards are posted on the doors and railings. There you read the tax ratings for the parish, and that marriage licenses are obtainable somewhere on the premises, and that men are wanted for the army, and stokers will get good pay in the navy. In these notices the branch of the public service that calls for recruits usually pests a colored picture of the uniform of that wing of the service, chromos that are intended to look very alluring. We Americans are reminded by this treatment of the houses of worship that perhaps it was not so strange, after all, for the British to use the churches in New York and Boston for garrisons and prisons, and whatever else they needed them for during the Revolutionary war. Where church and state are joined, the state puts the meeting-houses to its own uses.—JULIAN RALPH, in *Harper's Weekly*.

WHEN THE ENERGIES FLAG
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. T. C. SMITH, Charlotte, N. C., says: "*It is an invaluable nerve tonic, a delightful beverage, and one of the best restorers when the energies flag and the spirits droop.*"

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

A Tilt With Guerrillas.

LONG in the summer of 1863, near Carthage, Mo., 40 of us were out on a scouting expedition, looking for guerrillas and we found some. Several members of Co. K or Co. M were a little in advance of the head of the column. I heard the bushes rattle and looked to the left, and about 40 feet away stood a guerrilla captain named Pitts, with a double-barreled shot-gun raised to his shoulder, the muzzle pointing directly at me. When I thought he was ready to pull the triggers I closed my eyes, for I thought he surely had me dead to rights. He and 30 or 40 of his companions fired at our whole line, but not one of our men were hit. Two fell from their horses. Our captain shouted, "Forward!" and away we went, the rebs following us for three miles. When we got out of their reach and sight we halted and looked for wounds, but found that no one was hit but Ed Barrett, who was only slightly wounded. We discovered, however, that out of our detail of 40 men, 36 had bullet holes in their clothing. Comrade Call was left in the hands of one of the guerrillas while the balance were following us. Call happened to have a "No. 22" in his boot, and while he was talking to the guard he slipped his "22" out of his boot, stuck it close to the Johnny's head and fired. The Johnny rolled over and Comrade Call came to camp on foot, the regiment then being at Newtonia, Mo. I would like to hear from comrades of the 3d, 7th or 13th Mo. Cav. I was in the service 3 years and 40 days.—J. L. GARDNER, Co. G, 3d; Co. K, 7th Mo. Cav., and Co. M, 13th Mo. V. V. Cav.

A Narrow Escape.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—During the late war, at or near a certain citizen's dwelling, a number of rebel soldiers werepreparing to camp. It was well nigh dark ere they called the roll of some prisoners, and as they called the last name it was found that two were absent. Little did they think that at that moment the two prisoners were crouched in a barn close by. They had made an escape which had not been discovered in the dim nightfall. It was in the crisp autumn, and Jack Frost was painting the landscape in silver. Inside the barn were crouched the two prisoners, shivering with cold, and perhaps with dread for the ruthless hand of the enemy. When morning came, one of the prisoners climbed up to a window and gave a desperate leap for liberty. Several feet below was a ledge of rock. The other prisoner rushed out of the door, and around behind the barn, to pick up, as he supposed, a dead body of his only friend in the community. But to his pleasure and astonishment his chum was gone. He had escaped alive. The remaining soldier followed the example of his "pal," and "skipped." He dared not go near the road. Away he bounded until he crouched behind a pile of logs in a field near the road. Soon he heard footsteps. He peered above the fortification, expecting to find a musket looking him in the eye in the hands of a reb. But it was a large, black dog. He felt relieved. But, alas! the dog seemed to be a rebel, too, for he set up such a loud barking that the poor soldier feared he would be discovered at last. He scolded "Rover," and the dog dropped his tail and walked off. Then a report of a gun was heard, and it was found that some of the rebs were firing on the dog. Then the prisoner (?) for the first time thanked his enemies for driving off the dog. After awhile our hero passed on through a thick forest, and hearing the enemy again, he ran until, as luck would have it, he found a sort of cavern in the ground. Into it he jumped, without thinking how he was going to get out. He scrambled out, however, in some way, and traveled until he found a house. He entered. He asked the lady of the house for some food, (for he had not eaten for four days), and the good woman told him she would give him her best, which was some fresh pork. He fell to eating like a prisoner, indeed, and soon the benevolent lady had a coffee-pot full of the amber fluid for him. After dinner the soldier offered to pay her for her kindness, but she refused payment, as the poor creature of the prison had been divested of everything but ten cents. After asking for a pocketful of tobacco, the soldier wended his way toward the river, where he found a canoe, and that night, by the light of the moon, a man might have been seen paddling down the Tennessee river. He had made good his escape, and "by the skin of his his teeth," but he owed his escape from starvation to a kind woman. The prisoner arrived at his home on the beautiful Tennessee, and returned many thanks to the charitable woman who stayed his hunger. It would be well if some of the noble heroines of the war were pensioned, or if not pensioned, at least remembered and credited.—H. G. MILLER.

A Mad-Man.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I had rather a peculiar adventure with a mad-man while in Uncle Sam's service, but none who read this can begin to realize the sensations produced on me when confronted in the woods, miles from any help, by a gibbering maniac. I was on telegraph repairing and guarding service. Our duty was to follow the wires and remove obstructions, or in case the wires were broken by any means, repair the damage. We mostly went in pairs, but on some occasions, as was the case with myself when I was frightened out of a year's growth by a howling mad-man, we were alone on the line. Our camp was near Waynesboro, Tenn., on the line from Nashville to the army of the Tennessee, then at Pittsburg Landing. I had just succeeded in repairing a bad break and was moving along the line, watching the wire overhead, when a man confronted me. He was entirely naked, and stood in front of me with most horrid grin on his face. He would twitch, but make no sound. I stood gazing at him spell-bound. My horse was trembling with fright. We stood gazing at each other for several minutes. His eyes seemed to me to emit sparks of fire. I will confess that I was terribly frightened. I could have faced a score of rebs without the quiver of a muscle, but this hideous, naked nondescript would have shaken nerves of steel. Just as I was beginning to partly recover my breath the strange being uttered a prolonged, mournful howl, resembling that of a dog, then a screaming laugh, but void of mirth. He then shook himself much as a dog does on coming out of water. My frightened horse was backing away, but like myself, kept his eyes riveted on the nondescript that was now cutting the air with his long, bony arms. It was ugly as the man who had broken out of the log structure in which he been kept for fifteen years. His wife and a grown daughter lived but a short distance from our camp. The wife's name, I think, was Wilkins. She told me the story of her sufferings with her demented husband, and the cause of his becoming so, which was the inhumane treatment of enemies. The mad-man, after going through a number of monkey shines, started off through the woods at a rapid pace, swinging his long, bony arms, leaping incredible leaps, and making the forest ring with roars and howls. I felt a great relief. I was not exactly afraid of the mad-man, but like Hans with the devil, I "didn't want to be around at the time!"—DAN KNIGHT, 5th Iowa Cav.

No Love for Traitors.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In the Camp Fire, July 10, Comrade John S. Bowles says:

In reading over the letters from comrades in the Camp Fire I frequently read items that I consider are neither a credit to the writer, nor an ornament to the paper that publishes them.

Now, I don't know just what the comrade means. It seems to me he covers too much ground, and dumps the good and the bad all into one general sack. But I want to tell him this much: I will allow no man living to outrank me in a reasonable forgiveness, where forgiveness is merited. Neither will I triumph over a fallen foe, especially if he be a dead one. But so long as he is alive, and raising monuments to the nation's traitors, and mourning over the "lost cause," or openly defying all pension legislation that is designed to benefit the nation's defenders, then I say it is not time to "bury the hatchet."

Those who are thoroughly reconstructed, and have the nation's interests at heart, will always find my right hand extended for fellowship. But I never will tire of telling those of the Jeff Davis sort of their meanness, nor cease to glory and boast of how we whipped them. No, sir; sooner than pull in my horns for them, I would put on the bloody shirt and fight it out. Boys, am I right or wrong?—J. J. AMBLER, Co. F, 18th Vt.

Battle of Jonesboro.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Comrade Werner, of the 14th Ohio, claims that the victory at Jonesboro belongs to the 10th and 74th Ind., the 38th and 14th Ohio and the 10th Ky. regiments, and he says they think the same. He also says that the credit should belong to them and not a bit of it go to any one else, except the 17th New York. This item was published in THE BLADE July 10. Now, comrade, I want to ask. Where was the 2d Div., 2d Brig., 14th A. C.? You do not make any mention of the 78th Ills. I think I know what I am talking about. We were there, and went right up in front of the battery, and we carried the works the first charge. I can show it in print, that the 78th Ills. was the first regiment over the works. I can't tell what was going on in other places, as I had all I could see in my front. We were on the right of the Regulars, and I know when we started on the charge we never stopped until the works were carried. Our loss was heavy. General Thomas was back where he could see what was going on and made the following remark:

"See the part of the 14th Corps go!" and when we went over the works, he said: "They're there, they're there; they're there to stay!"

I think every regiment should have its just dues.—GEO. HILLYER, Co. A, 78th Ills.

Takes Exceptions.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—THE BLADE is doing more for the old soldier in trying to secure us a service pension than any other paper published. In the Camp Fire, July 10, Comrade J. M. Comparet—and I am glad that he was manly enough to give his name—refers to the article in THE BLADE, June 19, in reference to "The Alliance and the Soldier," written by some unknown kicker, ashamed to give his name or residence. When he, the unknown, joined the Alliance he evidently expected to get to heaven in a day, not realizing that "large bodies move slowly;" that it takes time to correct the evils of which we complain. Through his fine discrimination and intuitive perception

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

An Incubator.

Mrs. C. S., Missouri: Not long since THE BLADE had an article on "How to Make an Incubator." To republish it at this season of the year would not be of interest to more than a very few, as the work of the incubator generally comes later on in the year. The old hen is doing business very satisfactorily to most people during this season of the year.

Canada Thistles.

C. L., Michigan: The proper time to begin ridding land of Canada thistles is when they are in bloom and before they begin to ripen seeds. They should be cut close to the ground with a scythe, and the work repeated each succeeding year until they are eradicated. This way, it is claimed by some farmers, will eventually result in the extinction of the thistles, although the editor has not entire faith in it. The spud, (a wedge-shaped implement, with steel point, and attached to a hickory or oak shaft) is used in Canada. With this the roots are cut out, and each year, as any of the thistles appear the spud is used until they entirely disappear; whatever may be done the thistles should never be allowed to run to seed.

Capped Elbow in Horse.

R. L., New York state: Capped elbow is caused by frequent bruises of the soft parts between the elbow point on heel of the shoe in the act of lying down. When first seen a thick pad should be suspended over the heel, in the shape of an apron, by being strapped around the pastern when the horse is left to rest in the stable. When once formed it must be treated as a bruise, that is by fomenting the part with hot water, and afterward applying acetic acid, ½ oz.; ether, ¼ oz.; distilled water, 5 ozs. When large and it cannot be reduced it must be dissected out to insure a cure. The part must be kept continually wet with the above named lotion.

Pimples on Skin of Horse.

O. L. Roden, Illinois: For the small swellings and eruptions that appear on your horse's body, take of bicarbonate of soda, ½ oz.; Scheele's hydrocyanic acid, 10 drops; infusion of gentian, 6 oz. Mix for a draught. The whole to be given twice a day before eating.

Bunch on Yearling Colt's Ankle.

T. C., North Michigan: For the swelling on colt's leg caused by mare trampling on and cutting it, first poultice with linseed meal, sprinkling a little burnt alum and pulverized charcoal on the surface of the poultice. Poultice it for three or four days, and then wash clean with soap and warm water. Bath the ankle afterward with vinegar and salt, excepting where the skin is broken. Any simple healing preparation may be applied to the wound, which you say is nearly healed. If there is proud flesh in the sore, sprinkle burnt alum on it. If after two or three weeks the bunch shows no signs of disappearing, apply to it, oil of spike, ½ oz.; camphor, ½ oz.; oil of origanum, 1 oz; oil of amber, ½ oz.; spirits of turpentine, ½ oz. A bruise of the kind you name is reduced by nature very slowly, and it is best to try simple applications as above given before resorting to anything else.

Poll-Evil.

Wm. S., Kansas: In the early stages of poll-evil, before the parts "point," lay cloths on the swelling and wet them with this, freq uently: Tincture of arnica, 2 ozs.; vinigar and water, of each 1 quart. If this reduces the inflammation, the hardness remaining may be removed by rubbing with: iodine, 1 drachm; lard, 1 oz. The swelling should not, in any event, be opened unless pus can be distinctly felt. Then it can not be done too promptly. A free cut should be made, and the part fomented for about a week, and the pus gently pressed out, and after this the wound should be injected to the bottom with chloride of zinc, 30 grains; water 1 quart.

Hard Lump on Colt's Leg.

E. C. B., Kansas: When the cords of the leg have been lacerated; in knitting together, the formation of a bunch may occur, and it is not certain that cutting at it will prevent another from forming. A veterinarian should have been called, when the first bunch began to form. Try this: Iodine, 1 drachm; lard, 1 oz.; mix for an ointment. Rub on bunch twice a day.

Colt with Strangles.

S. W., Michigan: Your colt is evidently attacked with strangles. Careful nursing is necessary. Apply a large poultice or hot fomentations to the swollen glands. These may be poulticed and will heal all right. If not it may be stimulated with a moderate mustard poultice and when it points it may be lanced.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Trees Dying.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Some of my finest and thriftiest apple trees, from seven to nine feet tall, seem to be dying. The leaves, and apples, too, shrivel up; seem cooked. It commences with the terminal leaves and spreads all over the tree. In time the bark dries, too. They are in good, cultivated soil; but the ground is hard, for we have had no rain for several weeks. I cannot see what is the matter. I have been cutting off the dead portions, but it seems to do no good. —HERBERT A. CLARK, Kansas. [Will some reader of THE BLADE give a remedy for the trouble named above?—ED.]

When is the Best Time?

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—J. H. Allen says that peach trees can be grown from cuttings. Will he be so kind as to tell me what time to make the cuttings, and how and when to set them out? and oblige a Kansas farmer and subscriber.—ALEX. COVEY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Common, or Italian Bees.

G. C., of Warren, Ohio, asks which are the most profitable, the common or Italian bees? Presuming he means for honey production only, I would prefer a cross between the two. The Italians work earlier in the morning and later in the evening, and being larger, can and do carry more honey at a load than common bees. They will also protect their hives from robbers, moth, and other enemies, far better than the natives; yet the black bees will finish a section of honey to appear better than the Italians usually do, from the fact that they always leave a little space beneath the cappings, which prevents the honey from staining it. The honey is thus rendered very white looking and more marketable in appearance. My choice of bees for business are workers produced from a mismated Italian queen. The drones from such a colony will be pure even if the queen has mated with the blackest drone in the vicinity, but the workers will vary in color from a three banded bee to a pure black one. No queen should be reared from eggs laid by a mismated queen; if they are, your stock will degenerate rapidly. In my apiary the majority of the queens are mismated, owing to the large numbers of impure bees in the neighborhood; but I raise my queens from a pure colony, and drones are produced in another one. By this way I occasionally secure a queen purely mated, and assist in bettering the stock surrounding me. I keep down drone brood in my other colonies by cutting out all drone comb in the brood chamber, and slicing off the heads of what few are produced in the upper stories, as colonies used for extracting; thus reducing the number of impure drones. As I do not raise queens for sale, it matters but little to others whether my bees are pure or not, if I can keep down impure drones. Honey production and love of the work is what I keep bees for, and I usually produce enough to make it as remunerative as anything else I produce, and secure fully as much per colony as my neighbors. As to the black bee, if I had a colony of them, I would kill the queen at the earliest possible moment, and either give them a young one, a sealed queen cell, or some pure brood to raise one from. I have tested Italians and blacks, as well as hybrids, side by side for honey production sufficiently to warrant me in saying that there is no comparison whatever between them in this vicinity. Especially is this so if working for extracted honey.—[Orange Judd Farmer.

Late Crops.

It is not to late yet too plant a number of crops that will have time to mature before the weather gets too cold in the fall. Pumpkins among the corn, winter squashes, turnips, winter radishes, cucumbers for pickles, buckwheat, corn for fodder, can all be sown at this time; and in good soil, with anything like a favorable season, they will make a good growth and yield.

In many sections oats are almost an entire failure. The prospect for corn is not the best, while many meadows are yielding light. To many farmers this implies an insufficient supply of feed, and it will be a good plan to arrange in advance to make up for this as fully as possible by sowing late crops on unoccupied fields so as to increase the supply of feed as much as possible.

There is one advantage with nearly or quite all late crops, and that is, less cultivation is needed than for those that are planted earlier; so that generally the cost of growing is less and the risk of loss is not so great.

When the soil is rich and in a good tilth, and reasonably free from weeds or grass, pumpkins, squashes, turnips, rutabagas and radishes can be sown among the corn, and will often give a better crop than if planted to themselves. The corn will shade the ground and the plants will suffer less from the hot sun of August than if unshaded.

Buckwheat and corn can be sown where the oats have grown or after the wheat has been harvested, by plowing and harrowing well. With neither of these is it necessary to give any cultivation, and often a large yield of material that will make a good feed can be secured.

Turnips, rutabagas, pumpkins and squashes can all be used to a good advantage in feeding the stock in the fall and winter, and with plenty of fodder they will reduce very largely the amount of hay and grain necessary to winter the stock in good condition.

Under present conditions it is necessary to winter over stock as economically as possible, and yet keep them in a good condition; and cheap feed is of course an item in doing this.

Root crops and roughness, with a good shelter, will cost less than grain; but if the stock are well sheltered they can be kept through the winter on a small amount of grain.

Whenever late crops can be grown and used to an advantage, it will be a good plan to grow whatever supply will be needed.—[Cor. Prairie Farmer.

Preserving Eggs.

"Poultry for Prizes and Profit," an English book, in relation to the preservation of eggs, says:

"The competitions, during the past few years, at the London Dairy show and the Birmingham Cattle show, for the prizes offered for the best lot of preserved eggs, have conclusively shown that there are two systems—and only two—which can be implicitly relied upon for the preserving of eggs for any period of time. These systems involve the use of lime and salt. Lime affords one of the simplest possible means for the preservation of eggs. The plan to adopt is to select a vessel, preferably of earthenware, into which a number of eggs are placed; a mixture of lime and water is then poured over the eggs. The liquid may, if necessary, reach the mouth of the vessel, so that other eggs can, from time to time, be dropped in. A frequent mistake is in making the lime too thick. In this case, that which is not held in solution by the water—for water only can take up a certain quantity of lime—remains at the bottom of the vessel, and the eggs become embedded in it, and are sometimes difficult to remove without breaking.

"Eggs have been packed in salt for years, with more or less success—generally less, for those who have made the attempt have fallen into the mistake of using salt in the state in which it was purchased. The great secret in preserving in salt is to use a sample which is absolutely dry, and then keep it dry. The best plan is to use a box sufficiently large to hold fifty eggs—this is a convenient size. The bottom, as the lid, should be so fixed that it can be taken off without breaking. In practice, a layer of salt is laid upon the bottom, and upon this the eggs are placed, upon their sides; these are then covered with another layer of salt, when a second batch of eggs is placed in the box, and so on until the top is reached. During the process of packing the salt must be pressed down as tightly as possible, more especially around the sides; and when the box is full, before the lid is fixed, every means should be taken to pack and press the salt as closely and firmly as possible without breaking the eggs. The box should be stored away in a perfectly dry place. When the eggs are to be used, care should be taken to remove the bottom of the box, so that the stalest eggs—*i. e.*, those first put in—may be first used. Any person may safely store eggs by either of the above systems; and provided proper care has been taken, it will be found that the losses are trifling, and that eggs which have been kept four months are almost equal to those new-laid.

How to Get Ahead of Rose-Bug and Grape Rot.

My experience is to bag as soon as the lateral is strong enough to bear the weight of the bags. Put one bag on each lateral throughout the vineyard. My vineyard numbers 2,500 vines. When the laterals are stronger I go over the vineyard again, but never put more than two bags on one lateral, and from 10 to 30 on each vine, according to its growth. Never bag the blossoms; they are then too far advanced, and will suffer harm. Last season I had 25,000 paper bags put on my vines, but the storms used them so roughly I had only from 5,000 to 7,000 left. I find that paper bags will not do the work, and so am trying cloth bags for the purpose. I put on 120 of them, and they stood the rains and winds without much injury to vines or bags, and they dry quicker than paper. I find the Concord suits my business best; it makes the finest and best unfermented grape juice, and this is much improved by bagging the grapes. So do not dispose of your Concords; we shall certainly find a saving remedy for its enemies.—[Cor. Farm and Fireside.

WHAT THE FARMERS SAY

In Answer to The Blade's Questions on "Farmers' Ills"—Some Interesting Letters.

In order to ascertain from "first hands"—the farmers themselves—the real condition of the agricultural class, the Weekly BLADE has asked its farmer subscribers to answer, very briefly, the following questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing it?

2.—How many in every 10, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your community as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is it climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Below is given an instalment of the answers thus far received in response to these queries:

Pulaski, Williams Co., O.

1.—Are all making a little.

2.—About two in ten. For improvements and purchase money.

3.—Low prices.

4.—Enact stringent laws against dealings of boards of trade in futures. Abolish the statistical reports of what we have and what we expect to produce from year to year. In short, stop the gambling in the products of the farm. Reduce the salaries of all officials to a reasonable compensation for services rendered, as in other business. Congress should prohibit the pauper immigration into this country and the holding of real estate by foreigners; preserve our markets for our people by protection to our own genius and unlimited refources. I can't see what benefit service pensions can be to the farmers of the country. We have been trying, or the soldiers have been asking to have the country and all its resources turned over to them for the last twenty-five years. I am looking for notice for all to leave the country who were not in the army.

5.—Wheat, corn oats and grass.—J. P. M.

Fremont, Newaygo Co., Mich.

1.—Farmers as a class are not making anything in this section. Those that are making, are dealing in something outside of their farms.

2.—It is estimated that 45 per cent of the farms in this state are mortgaged. $330,000,000 would not pay the mortgaged debt of this state.

3.—The principal cause of this is scarcity of money in circulation, and a higher rate of interest than a farmer can pay. A good farm will pay only about 3½ per cent, while interest in money is 6 per cent. The government of the United States is no longer ruled by the consent of the governed, but by the wills and commands of the tory element of Wall street and London, England, and on the principle of might makes right, and the larger fish swallow the smaller ones.

My idea of the use of money should be based on the profit of agriculture. Each state should fix the rate of interest on that basis, for there is no other way of paying anything, and it should not pay any more than it can pay.

4.—Let our government do away with national banks, and issue enough of legal tender money sufficient to do the business of the country, and then loan it direct to the people on good security. What a boom agriculture would have! Everybody that had a good farm and a big mortgage, that now they can't any more than pay the interest, could soon pay the principal.—J. H. M.

Sutler, Hancock Co., Illinois.

They are all making money, not much, but a little. Probably three farms in ten are mortgaged. They were mortgaged to pay for the land. The land is principally owned by young men, the *old men* retiring from work, they holding the mortgage. The relief possible by legislation is, we think, to cut down the expenses of the government, raise the internal revenue on spirits and tobacco, remove the principal part of the tariff from the necessaries of life.

The principal crops of this vicinity are corn, clover, oats, and some wheat and timothy. The climate is *not* adapted to the raising of other crops that would be more profitable or we would cultivate them instead.—F. W.

Golden, Jefferson Co., Col.

1.—In our vicinity are generally paying expenses and laying something by to have a little ahead when the Democrats get into power again and kill the McKinley tariff and bring about the disasters of '57 and '73.

2.—The last statistics gave 8 per cent of our state mortgaged.

3.—As far as I am acquainted they are not running behind.

4.—All that we want in this great country of ours is wise legislation, both state and national; protect all of our industries; let the silver dollar be as good as gold for all purposes; give us $40 per capita direct from the hands of the government and those dreaded mortgages will soon melt away.

5.—Wheat, oats, corn, barley, potatoes, alfalfa, clover, etc.; fruit of all handy varieties does well for 15 or 20 miles out from the mountains.—A. L.

Ridgeway, Hardin Co., Ohio.

1.—About one-half making money.

2.—About four, or one-third.

3.—Bad management, high taxes and extravagance in trying to make money without work.

4.—Reasonable protection and lower taxes.

5.—Corn, wheat, oats, hay, clover and timothy.—W. R.

Saunders Co., Nebraska.

1.—They are going back, of course; some making a little but the best of them say that they haven't got as much as they had ten years ago.

2.—Nine out of every ten to pay for their land about one half and the rest for other causes such as hail storms and bad luck.

3.—Mostly poor prices for farm products and outrageous freight rates.

4.—Lower freight rates, the free coinage of silver and the service pension bill.

5.—Oats, wheat, corn, rye, flax, potatoes adapted.—W. E.

Strawberry, Washington Co., Kan.

1.—Some are meeting expenses, while quite a number are making money, and I think a very few losing.

2.—There must be all of five in ten, they were for various purposes, but I think that more than half of the mortgages put on to the farmers in this vicinity were put on to put on style with, and this class of people howl the loudest.

3.—Largely the result of bad management. Some to poor crops and some low prices and some to high freights, but chiefly bad management.

4.—The farmers in my community are pretty near all alliance people, therefore read their platform and their convention resolutions. My own opinion is as to what the state should do is to pass a law that every man that contracts a debt, small or large, should be made to pay it if he had to break rocks in the pen—to make him come to time. As to Congress, this present one is a good Congress and Speaker Reed is one of the best men of our day.

5.—The principal crops in this vicinity are corn and oats, but when I say corn and oats that means stock of all kinds except sheep.—W. S. C.

Doran, Mitchell Co., Iowa.

1.—This answer to cover the last three years. In the aggregate meeting expenses, but not making money. Drouth for the last three seasons, and low prices have sunk all accumulations. The loss of the big drouth alone in 1886, was more than could be recovered in one year.

2.—Take ten consecutive farms on a general highway upon which I live, four of which mortgaged and six free. Of the former, three are mortgaged for part of the purchase price, one for cash borrowed. I do not think the whole township or county, will average as well. Twenty-six, possibly seven out of every ten are under a mortgage, varying from a small per cent of their value to the full saleable price. Persons on farms of the latter class will not even from farms, if they have to depend upon the product of the farm at present prices to clear it. They will do well if they do not run behind on the interest.

It is not to be inferred that all mortgagees are, or will be bankrupts. Many of the mortgages are given for balances on purchases that are enlargements of or additions to other farms.

3.—Bad management is always around more or less, and sure to come in for its share, but poor crops and low prices are the substantial causes.

We make no complaint of freight charges.

4.—Farmers whose judgment is worth considering, don't expect the legislatures, state or national, to pay their debts. Whilst the business of the country may be affected by tariff legislation, free coinage, etc., it will be a forlorn hope for those already badly involved.

A protective tariff (whatever that may be) is all right in a manufacturing here, but when it comes to receiving all the silver that the producers, and dealers in, can gather from all quarters of the globe and dump into the mints, to have every 70 cents' worth of silver into a legal tender 100-cent dollar for their benefit, is not popular here. Some may think that such a measure would eventually enable them to pay off their indebtedness with 70-cent dollars; but in the opinion of the writer it would be a sorry day for the business of the country.

As well may the government attempt to dam the Mississippi river and keep all the water in the United States as to coin all the silver into our dollars and then keep those dollars at par with what has an acknowledged and accepted value as a basis of currency throughout the commercial world.

5.—1st, grass; 2d, corn; 3d, oats, flax, timothy seed, barley, potatoes. Wheat crop insignificant, though once a leading crop. Shipments for market.—1st, hogs; 2d, dairy products; 3d, cattle; 4th, horses; flax seed, timothy seed, oats. The latter stands 3d in the first list, but the shipments are light, the crop being principally used at home.—C. C.

Montrose, Jewell Co., Kas.

1.—Meeting expenses.

1.—About 2 out of 10. Some mortgaged to build, and some to get through a drouth.

3.—Poor crops. Low prices. High freight rates, and bad legislation for 35 years.

5.—Corn, wheat, oats and potatoes are the principle crops. I don't know of any others that would do better than these.—R. F. H.

Norton, Norton Co., Kansas.

In this locality some few are saving something, the most are just holding on in hopes that something may turn up to relieve them. Out of every ten seven are mortgaged, they were given for improvements, bad management, poor crops, low prices, and high freight rates; some are for low tariff; some do do not know what is best for them. Principal crops, wheat, oats, corn and potatoes, rye and millet, corn the main crop.—J. H.

Afton, Morris Co., N. J.

1.—Those that are out of debt are making a good living; those that are in debt spoken of below.

2.—Fully one-third are mortgaged. A large part of these mortgages were given in the purchase of land. Fifty per cent of farmers are in debt.

3.—1st, low prices, 2d, bad management, 3d, poor crops; nine-tenths of poor crops are in management. 4th, freight rates are a small factor. A large part of the mortgages were given 10 to 20 years ago, when land was high and produce bringing good prices; many of them are due and can be foreclosed, but parties holding them do not want to foreclose because the farms are not now worth enough above the mortgage to pay foreclosure. They would rather have the interest than the farm. Some farmers that are mortgaged, by hard work, strict economy and good management are slowly paying the debt, where farms that mortgaged to live on always go. It is the result of bad management, whisky, fast horses, fast women, fast men.

I have in mind now a place that was sold five years ago for $9,000—$300 down, the rest on a mortgage. Last spring the place was given up on mortgage. Now the place is offered for $2,000, and no buyers.

4.—We are suffering from over production and in my opinion Congress can do but little to help us. The taxes all told on a 100 acre farm are net $40. The rich man ought to be compelled to pay his share of taxes etc.

5.—Butter and cheese. No.

Farmers should combine and protect themselves.

There is some encouragement by Mr. C. Ward Davis, in the *Forum*, and *Country Gentleman*, that consumption is overtaking production and we are on the road to better prices. With better prices the better class of farmers will get out of debt.—G. E. NICHOLS.

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Sunday School.

The Rich Man and Lazarus.

LESSON VI., SUNDAY, AUGUST 10, 1890.

Golden Text: How hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!—Mark 10:24.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 16:19-31.)

19. There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day.

20. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,

21. And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table; moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

22. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; the rich man also died, and was buried,

23. And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

24. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

25. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receiveth many good things, and likewise Lazarath evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

26. And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.

27. Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house:

28. For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.

29. Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.

30. And he said, Nay, father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.

31. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

A rich man, clothed in purple, faring sumptuously every day (v. 19). Food and clothing, and sumptuous living every day in the year, are the most that any man can get out of riches, if he wants to spend them on himself. And it is for these things that most men want wealth. They want to be able to dress as well as their neighbors—as well as any body; to set a good table—without being compelled to economize in their marketing; and to have what they fancy in their house or out of it. Riches, after all, add very little to a man, even for the life that now is; only more showy clothing, more tempting food, more gratification of the senses, a larger house and larger barns. The man himself is no more a gainer—sometimes a good deal less of a man—for being rich.

A beggar was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs; the dogs came and licked his sores (vs. 20, 21). With no home, diseased, friendless and hungry, a man is more than poor. Everything seems to be against him. Yet a man can be all this, and have a happier time in the present life than the godless man who has plenty of money, and all that money can give. The beggar at the gate may be on his way to a home in heaven. The man who is full of sores outside may be of sounder health inside than the one who wears purple and fine linen. He who is hungry for crumbs may be fed with the Bread of Life—of which if he eats he shall never die. He who seems to be left to the mercy of the dogs in the street may have angels watching over him. Being on the track to heaven, and knowing it, a beggar has more enjoyment on his journey than the rich man who is going to hell. The path to glory is a pleasanter one than that which leads to perdition. Lord, let me be the saint in rags, rather than the lost sinner in fine raiment!

The beggar died, and was carried away by the angels; the rich man also died, and was buried (v. 22). Being carried away by the angels is a great deal better than having a fine funeral. What becomes of one's spirit is a vast sight more important than what is done with his body. A long procession of mourners, a showy tombstone, and a glowing epitaph, are of no service to the dead man, and commonly they give little indication of the life he is still living. One of the poorest things in the world to live for is posthumous honor; yet when the hope of that is added to posthumous fare during a lifetime, it is a strong temptation to most of us.

Real character is needed to resist it. If Moses had remained in the palace of Egypt, he would have lived luxuriously, and been sure of a first-class funeral, with a painted mummy-case, and perhaps a pyramid for a monument. But he chose "rather to be evil entreated with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; accounting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." His life was thenceforward in the wilderness; and "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." But when Moses stood on the mount of transfiguration he had nothing to say of his lack of a funeral; and there is no reason to believe that he ever regretted his choice in abandoning the honors of earth. No man who follows his example, or who lives and dies like Lazarus, will have reason to mourn because little notice is taken of his burial.

Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedest thy good things, and Lazarus in like manner evil things (v. 25). A man gets what he lives for. If he wants his good things all in this life, he has them here. If he plans for nothing beyond, he finds it, when at last he is there. But if he cares for the present only in its promise and hope of the future, he attains to the object of his living when this life is over. If a man does not realize the importance of his choice while he is having the good things he has desired above all else, he will remember its folly when he looks back on it from the life that is to come. He will remember, too, the fact of his deliberate and intelligent choice. He will not then deny that he made it understandingly.

Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed (v. 26.) Heaven and hell are separated permanently. Those who belong in either state cannot get to the other—where they do not belong. Souls which have made their choice for eternity are entitled to remain where they want to be. And they do remain there—remain in the place of their choice. A lost soul does not really desire salvation, even though it longs for an easier time in perdition. A cry for water in hell is not a longing for the purity of heaven. The inmates of the two regions are as different as their dwellings. The closing up of the great gulf between heaven and hell would not change the nature of either state, or the character of its dwellers. Any man can be on either side of that gulf he prefers; but he cannot be on both sides. And the side which he chooses he must take just as he finds it. The river of life does not run on the hellward side of the great gulf.

I pray thee that thou wouldest send him to my five brethren, lest they also come into this place of torment (vs. 27, 28). Ungodly men are quite likely to desire godliness, with all its good results, for other people. Even though they are not, themselves, ready to reform, they would be glad if those who are dear to them would choose a better way than theirs. A gentleman was induced by sheer curiosity to visit a famous gambling-house in New York city, under the guidance of one who was accustomed to frequent it. As the new comer was introduced to the keeper of that house, he said incidentally that he had never before entered such a place. At once the keeper said to him earnestly, "Well, my friend, if you'll take my advice you'll never come to such a place again. This is no place for those who can keep out of it." There are few intemperate parents who would not wish their children to live and die sober. Sin and its consequences are by no means admirable in the sight of those who are given up to them. "Their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, if one rise from the dead (v. 31). There is little use in discussing the question whether there will be another term of probation beyond this life, while it is very clear that no one would improve it who has already decided that he does not want salvation. The trouble with men is not that they lack warnings to keep clear of perdition, but that they are determined to take all the risks of perdition so long as a choice is left to them. They have heard of the two sides of the great gulf, and they have no wish to start just yet toward the side to which Lazarus went.—[H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

THE TOILET IN ENGLAND.

WHAT IS WORN AT FLOWER FETES.

Floral Decorations for Garden Parties and the Dinner Table—Dresses for Blonde Saxon Girls—London in July.

[Written for THE BLADE by Ellen Osborn. Copyrighted, 1890.

LONDON, July 17.—The clouds are holding forth in deluge fashion for the benefit of umbrellas and mackintosh manufacturers, and you realize only that you are in the midst of summer by the way the flowers bloom. Bouquetiers besiege you at every corner, and no sooner do you issue from your doorway of a morning than a ragged child, not so picturesque as her counterpart in Paris in the palmy

SUMMER MILLINERY.

days of the second empire, holds up something big and dewy and crimson, with an "A rose for the leddy" that is irresistible. At all summer fetes the English bury themselves under enormous hats, possibly set out of every ten are under a mortgage, varying from a small per cent of their value to the full saleable price. Persons on farms of the latter class will not even from farms, if they have to depend upon the product of the farm at present prices to clear it. They will do well if they do not run behind on the interest.

A YACHTING COSTUME.

soms starting out of every corner, and proving on examination to be contained in metal tubes often many feet tall and so decorated as to correspond with the general furnishing of the room.

All flower arrangements here are light, well mixed with ferns and foliage. There is no massing of blooms. Another season will see the complete reinstatement of high decorations for the dinner table, the trails of blossoms directly on the cloth or low crystal bowls of posies aiding, perhaps in one's conversation with one's *vis-a-vis*, but affording no opportunity—which to the hostess is quite as important a matter—for the tall centerpieces, tazze, huge epergnes and other heirlooms of plate to be found in the safes of "most good families." These treasures of silver have been long enough in the background and at a pretty little luncheon which I attended yesterday the flowers were pink and mauve orchids in high silver bowls whose bases were hidden among maiden-hairs. There is, it may be said for the benefit of those who like best the present fashion, no stiffness in the new arrangement, the great crimson or yellow poppies, yellow daisies, the lush green flags or rushes, the delicate pink roses or the sweet peas being thrown with the epergnes loosely, mixed with trailing sprays that touch the table cloth.

AT A GARDEN PARTY.

Some pretty toilets were seen at the opening of the Royal society of British Artists' summer exhibition. Miss Mary Morris, the clever daughter of Mr. William Morris, poet, democrat and decorator, was out almost for the first time since her marriage to Mr. Halliday Sparling, who is one of the darlings of the Socialistic party. Mrs. Sparling herself designed all the decorations and hangings of the house that has been prepared for the newly wedded couple. She is a fine specimen of the tall, rather blonde, rosy type of the English young woman, and wore, as she stood before a water color of Windermere, which bore her own initials, a light dress of *cafe au lait* cloth with black sleeves, bodice like a tight jacket in the back, but loose in front and open, with a very full jabot of black gauze and bunch of pink roses. Her hat was a large black straw, with pink heather blooms.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

Convincing Evidence

That Ayer Sarsaparilla cures Rheumatism and kindred complaints is abundant. This medicine eradicates from the blood all trace of the disease, and so invigorates the system that a perfect restoration to health is inevitable.

"In Oakland, La., 22 years ago, I had been sick a year and a half with sciatic rheumatism. The extreme pains that I suffered wasted my flesh to the bone, and my strength and vitality were well nigh exhausted. My skin was yellow and rough, showing a bad state of the blood, and it is more than likely that blood poison existed, as I have taken large quantities of mercury. After the sciatica was in a measure under control, I was put under treatment to cleanse the blood and give me strength. This was continued several weeks, but to no purpose. My physician then suggested the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it is to this medicine I owe my restoration to health. From actual experience in the use of various blood-purifiers, I am confident that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal."—J. W. Pickle, Farmerville, La.

"I have known Mr. J. W. Pickle for many years, and consider him a truthful man."—R. B. Dawkins, Mayor of Farmerville, La.

☞ Be sure, in making your purchase, that the druggist gives you

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
—FOR—
Rheumatism.

"During the past year my joints, which had become stiff and sore, caused me great pain, especially at the close of a day's work. At times my fingers were so lame I was unable to hold a needle, while the pain at night prevented my sleeping. I suffered also from nervous chills and a want of appetite. I tried outward applications and took remedies prescribed by my doctor; but all to no purpose. A short time ago my son-in-law, Wm. Woods, of Hollis, N. H., was cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla of an inflammatory disease of the eyes, and seeing him so much benefited, I thought I would try this medicine for my own trouble. The result is a complete cure of the pains, stiffness, and swelling from which I suffered so much. The Sarsaparilla has had a good effect on my appetite and nerves, so that I have better strength and no more chills."—Eliza Halvorson, Nashua, N. H.

"After being many years afflicted with rheumatism, I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great success."—J. B. Bridge, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Price $1. Six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Discomforts of a Stork.

Karl (looking at a stork)—I'm glad I'm not that bird, mamma.

Mamma—Why, I think he's very pretty.

Karl—He's pretty enough; but just think how unpleasant it must be to have such a long neck that when you swallow your dinner you get hungry before it gets down.—[Pleigende Blatter.

SIRENS AT HARVARD.

Secret of the Attractiveness of the Class-Day Girl.

"I am convinced," he said to the Boston *Gazette* writer, with all the complacency of a junior as he contemplatively sucked his cane along in the small hours of the night, "that the attractive thing about the class-day girl's get up is her hat.

"And yet—I don't know—in Miss Snapper's case it seemed to be her parasol—then their shoes are always rather fetching and I'll swear I wouldn't have looked twice at that little Miss Primrose to-day if it hadn't been for those gold beads round her neck, and those thin gowns! By George! with their arms showing through and flowers all round them—I guess it's the gown."

But it's neither hat, nor parasol, nor shoe, beads or flowers or gown—it's the day itself that glorifies the girls. The day that is ever the same; with the same golden green shadows and happy flutter of bright gowns and faces. The same slowly setting sun and cool twilight, the same merry murmur of voices and throbbing of music in the glorified maids flash like Cinderellas out into the darkness leaving the contemplative junior alone.

BROKEN THREADS.

"When the moon is up o'er yon rock," she said,
"With its silvery arrows, in splendor spread."

(And she pointed out which rock she meant,
Like the back of a dolphin, curved and bent),

"Wherever your thoughts or footsteps be,
You must fly to the spot, dear, and think of me"

For, be sure, when the moonlight tints the blue,
In soul and spirit I'll walk with you!"

And nobly true to her last fond prayer
He strolled by the sea in the moonrise fair,

Down where the breakers foam and stir,
And looked around sideways, and thought of her

With a guilty glance, as he held the hand
Of a girl she hated, and paced the sand;

While she, the woman gone back to town
Knew not if moons came up or down,

As she waltzed and waltzed till the break of day
With a man whom she hadn't seen since May!
—[Madeline S. Bridges, in Puck.

Excellent Basic Work.

The Witkowitz mill, in Moravis, has been doing some excellent work recently in the basic steel which deserves particular attention in this country, since it is in the lines proposed for some of the Southern plants. During the past few months the Witkowitz mills have been making fifteen to eighteen charges in their magnesia lined furnaces per twenty-four hours, the average being seventeen charges. The consumption of fuel has been only 1 to 12 per cent of the weight of ingots produced. This record, not hitherto obtained elsewhere, has been marked by operating in the following manner, for the details of which we are indebted to Dr. Leo, of Coblenz, Germany: The pig iron, which constitutes 90 per cent of the charge, is taken direct from the blast furnace. The dangers incident to the irregularity in the silicon and manganese contents of the iron must be avoided, however. This danger is greater than usual at Witkowitz, since the furnace has been running for twelve years, and the lining is worn. It is desirable, too, that the silicon contents of the iron be reduced, because it works better in the open earth. In order to obtain these results, the Witkowitz works allow the iron to flow from the blast furnace into a Bessemer converter, preheated, so that the iron does not lose too much heat. This flowing into the converter is utilized to blow the iron for a few minutes. The iron thus partially blown is run into the open hearth furnace, and converted into steel by the addition of 40 per cent of scrap, a suitable amount of ore and the necessary quantity of lime to eliminate the phosphorus. The iron, as it comes from the blast

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1890.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, **104,000.**

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS!

The campaign for the election of Representatives to the 52d Congress, now opening, will be a most important one. The Democrats are making a desperate effort to win a majority, in order to tie the hands of the Republican administration. No voter who favors protection, the payment of service pensions, the increase of our foreign commerce, and other Republican legislation, can afford to vote with the Bourbons.

We want 50,000 new campaign subscribers, for we are going to make the Weekly BLADE just such a paper as no one can afford to be without if he desires intelligent, candid discussion of the issues of the campaign. We shall discuss the **Tariff Question**; we shall have our say on **Pensions**; we shall talk on **Farmers' Interests**; on **Honest Elections**, and all other topics of the campaign, and advocate strongly and fearlessly the cause of the **People**, the cause of the **Soldier**, and the cause of the **Farmer**.

Write for Campaign Terms.

We shall make the Weekly BLADE just the paper that Republican campaign committees will desire to have the voters read, as it will discuss the topics that will be all-important in the Congressional elections everywhere this fall.

We will give to clubs and campaign committees terms for THE BLADE during the campaign that will put its price down to the cost of white paper.

Write for Campaign Terms: Address, "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

FORFEITED RAILROAD LANDS.

The land forfeiture bill is practically a law. It restores to the public domain 7,259,916 acres of land, once granted to railways, but which is now taken back by law because the roads have not complied with the conditions of the grant. The roads which forfeit the land are the following:

The Northern Pacific forfeits 3,425,916 acres, for which it was to build 2,500 miles of road within a specified time, but which built but 530 miles in that time. The Southern Pacific of California loses 1,075,200 acres; the Fortune and Winnebago loses 506,880 acres; the Jackson, Lansing, Saginaw and the Ann-boy, Lansing & Traverse Bay loses 300,000 acres.

The other roads are: Atlantic, Gulf and West India Transit, 64,000 acres; Memphis & Cosa, 50,160 acres; Coosa & Chattanooga, 144,000 acres; Mobile & Girard, 536,065 acres; Alabama & Tennessee, 89,932 acres; Marquette & Ontonagon, 294,400 acres; Gulf & Ship Island, 600,000 acres; Sioux City & St. Paul, 171,200 acres.

A number of settlers are already on these lands, and the law provides that their title shall be made good. All the remainder will be thrown open to settlement. The railroad companies made every effort to stop the passage of the bill and thus hold the tracts; but the Republicans in Congress, true to the party's pledges, restored the land to the people, its rightful owners. The bill was passed almost entirely by Republican votes. As there was no roll call when the bill was put upon its passage, it is impossible to tell who voted for and who voted against it; but on a motion to order the previous question, there were 111 ayes and 79 nays, every one of the latter coming from members on the Democratic side.

It may be worth while, just on the threshold of a campaign sure to be marked by a plenitude of Bourbon lies, to look at the matter of changes in postmasters during the last fiscal year, which ended June 30. In the fourth class offices, the branch which has received the particular attention of Mr. CLARK-, 8,056 of the appointments were on account of resignation, 638 on account of deaths and only 5,500 on account of removals. In Presidential offices during the year there were 253 appointments on account of resignations, 579 on account of expiration of commissions and 556 on account of removals. About 1,000 of the removals in all classes were made as a result of the reports of inspectors. These figures will disprove a world of falsehood on the part of our friends the enemy.

THE San Francisco merchants, like their brethren of New England, are strong advocates of the American ship, and resolutions were introduced into the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce the other day instructing the board of trustees to telegraph the Pacific coast delegation in Congress "to use every honorable means to secure the passage of the Frye and Farquhar shipping bills." The outlook is that the present Congress, which has done more work in six months than its Democratic predecessor did in the four years of CLEVELAND'S administration, will bring our nation into line with all its commercial rivals by the passage of these bills.

THE farmers in many localities of the West are praying for rain, while a super fluity is ruining the crops in Ireland and England. The rainfall in the British Isles for the past six weeks has been the worst since 1813, and the hay and wheat are fearfully injured. The potato crop of Ireland is badly injured, and is a complete failure over the greater part of County Cork, and the case is but little better in the counties of Limerick and Kerry. The losses to the wheat crop make it evident, say the cables, that Russia will largely control the wheat market. If her crops are abundant, there will be but little advance; if they are below the average, the price of wheat will rise the world over.

CHILI is making preparations for a great exhibit at the coming World's Fair. It is a chilly day when Chicago get's left. Although there's a good deal of trouble over the site of the Fair, there will be no trouble about the Fair by a great sight.

THE bullying methods employed by the South to defeat the Federal elections bill are really assisting the passage of that measure. It seems that the people in that section have forgotten they couldn't bully the North in 1860. They can't do it in 1890.

THE tariff reformers are trying hard to convince themselves that Secretary BLAINE'S letter suits them, but a second reading convinces them that the secretary of State is still a protectionist and not a free trader.

THE "ANGELUS," NOT THE "HORSE FAIR."

Last week's announcement, that we had sold out all the copies of the fine engraving of ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair," was incorrect.

It is the "Angelus," *not* the "Horse Fair," that was meant.

That is to say, all our copies of the "Angelus" have been sold; so do not send any more orders. But we still have some copies of the "Horse Fair." Turn to the "Publishers' Column," on the 5th page of this paper, and read the splendid offer we make. This picture is good enough to grace the walls of a palace, and copies of it adorn many a happy American home.

Read the offer, and send for a copy.

PROHIBITION AND THE PRICE OF BARLEY.

A friend at Traer, Iowa, says that several former Republicans in that section vote the Democratic ticket now simply because they believe that Prohibition makes less demand for barley, and thus reduces the price. He asks: "Can you give us in THE BLADE figures to refute this idea?"

There are no figures that we know of which bear upon this question, as regards the demand by breweries for barley to turn into the swill called beer. But the farmers of Northern Ohio, New York and New England can tell what is the matter with the price of barley. It is low because the present duty is so low that Canadian barley comes in to compete with that produced here, and runs the price down. The Canadian farmers have a soil and climate adapted to that grain, and within the past few years have increased their barley acreage largely. There has been an urgent demand from the farmers along the Canadian border for an increase of this duty; and, accordingly, the McKinley bill makes it considerably higher.

The total imports of barley for the year ending December 31 last amounted to 11,128,117 bushels; for the first three months of this year 3,256,261 bushels, thus showing a steady increase. Our Iowa friends will find that this is what is the matter, and not Prohibition; for the volume of beer made each year shows an increase, and the stoppage of a few breweries in Iowa has not decreased the total volume, and hence it is absurd to suppose it has affected the price of barley.

We refer to the letter of our correspondent to call attention to one sad trait of human nature which it vividly illustrates, viz.: That so many men will by their votes support a cause which is a positive evil to their fellow-men, if thereby they think they can make a penny or two. Even if the supposition were true—which it certainly is not as yet—that Prohibition in Iowa has reduced the consumption of barley so as to reduce its price, the farmer who will vote to continue the Rum traffic in order that he may sell barley is morally as guilty as any other of the partners in the infamous traffic; he is just as much to blame as the brewer, the distiller, the saloon-keeper. We know many farmers whose moral sense is so quick, so true, that they will not raise barley at all, preferring to use the ground in raising other crops, that are not used exclusively to manufacture liquid damnation. We would that these Iowa men were of such noble metal, instead of the base dross they seem to be!

The whole strength of the Rum Power lies in the money there is in the traffic. No man would lose his own self-respect, the respect of his fellows, and engage in an occupation whose sole aim and end is the ruin of other men, save for the blood-stained gold it brings. They are of the same caliber as the farmers spoken of in the letter which forms the occasion for this article. Selfish to the core, they care not what may happen to others so that they are able to grasp a few more pennies. They care not for the temptation the open saloon may be to their own children; their narrow horizon is bounded by their immediate personal benefit. The Golden Rule is distorted by them to read, "Whatsoever will put money into thy purse, that do, and let others take care of themselves!"

We need more men of high moral purpose, who will feel that money derived in any way from aiding the Rum traffic is ineradicably stained with blood and tears, and who will sternly refuse to aid, even indirectly, the giant evil of the age. Until men are animated by higher motives than vulgar greed of gain, the battle against the Rum traffic will be of doubtful result. Here is the true field of work for the church. It should so quicken their consciences, make their hearts so tender, that they will realize the sin against their fellow-men when they give aid to Rum by their votes. Then they will join the forces that are laboring, through Prohibition, to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE tin mines of the Black Hills lay near the surface—one mine showing a 250-feet exposure of tin-stone on the face of a mountain bluff. In Cornwall, England, the tin mines are about 2,500 feet deep. The average yield of tin from Black Hills ore is 2 per cent, while the average of the Cornish ore is less than 1¼ per cent. The School of Mines at Rapid City, South Dakota, has proved that tin can be reduced from the ore at a cost of $2.15 per ton, as against $4.44 in Cornwall. The greater expense in the latter case arises, first, from the depth of the mines; and second, from the fact that the ore contains impurities difficult to get rid of, which are absent from the Black Hills ore, which is the purest yet found in the world. The passage of the McKinley bill will create a great tin industry in this country, and make us the world's producers of tin plate.

THE New York *World* is a Democratic paper. It has been condemning "plutocracy"—by which it means wealthy men seeking office. The Democrats of Ohio do not seem to have been scared by the cry, however, if the following dispatch, printed in the *World* of the 19th, is any indication:

MILLIONAIRES FOR CANDIDATES—THE BRICE IDEA HAS TAKEN ROOT AMONG THE OHIO DEMOCRATS.

Special to the World.

COLUMBUS, O., July 18.—It is a noteworthy fact that all the Democratic candidates selected for Congress since Brice made his canvass are very wealthy men.

The Democratic managers in this state have become accustomed to "boodle" campaigns, and hence are putting up men possessed thereof. The man with a bar'l can have the nomination any time as against the man with brains. *Vide* WARWICK'S nomination for Congress.

THOSE Democrats who were so loud in proclaiming the defeat of DELAMATER in Pennsylvania are beginning to hedge. They ought to know that Pennsylvania isn't giving Democratic majorities in these times.

☞ *We will gladly send sample copies of The Blade free to any one. Send us in lists of names of your neighbors and friends who are not subscribers, that we may mail them samples.*

WHO OWNS BEHRING SEA?

The voluminous correspondence between the government of Great Britain and the United States has been communicated to the House of Representatives by the President, in response to a resolution asking that it be done. A perusal of the abstract thereof which has been sent out by telegraph shows that Great Britain steadily adheres to the advanced position she took in 1886, while this government as firmly maintains the rights she acquired by the purchase of Alaska from Russia and the treaty made on that occasion.

Russia claimed that Behring Sea is a *mare clausum*—a closed sea—and therefore that she had exclusive jurisdiction over it. Her claim she based on the three titles of first discovery, first occupation, and long-continued and undisputed possession. By treaties made with the United States in 1824, and with Great Britain about a year later, Russia's claims were acknowledged by both nations.

In 1867 we purchased Alaska, the Aleutian Islands and the islands in Behring Sea; and by that treaty Russia made over to us all the rights she possessed therein. Russia still maintains her claim to exclusive jurisdiction over the portion of Behring Sea still retained by her, and the Canadian sealers give her waters a wide berth. Russia allows no meddling.

The Prybilov islands, in Behring sea, and the islands of the Aleutian chain, are the breeding-places of the fur seal. Our government claims exclusive jurisdiction over Behring sea, which carries with it the exclusive right to control the seal fishery within its waters. The privilege of taking a specified number of seals per year—the number being limited to prevent the extinction of the animal by promiscuous killing, as has been the case in the North Atlantic—to a company which pays a heavy sum to our government per year for the privilege.

A few years ago, British merchants, at the ports of British Columbia, began the practice of fitting out vessels to pursue the seal fishery in these waters. In 1886 this led to remonstrance by our government; and the diplomatic discussion which then began has continued to the present time. Congress passed a law a couple of years ago directing that the President shall, each year at the opening of the sealing season, issue his proclamation warning vessels of all nations to avoid poaching on the seals within these waters. Presidents CLEVELAND and HARRISON both have done so, of course.

But it may be asked, "what has the question whether Behring Sea be a closed sea (*mare clausum*) to do with this?" Everything, as will be seen. The "high seas" embrace all portions of the ocean outside of three marine miles from shore. If Behring Sea be not a closed sea, it is part of the high seas, and the United States has no jurisdiction beyond three miles from the shore of the mainland of Alaska, or of each individual island; if it is a closed sea, then she has exclusive jurisdiction over the entire area of Behring Sea east of the Russian boundary line. England says it is part of the high seas, and that therefore the United States has not jurisdiction; we claim it to be a closed sea, and that we have exclusive jurisdiction over it.

Secretary BLAINE, in his portion of this diplomatic correspondence, sets forth our case, and, after showing that Great Britain scrupulously observed the conditions of the treaty of 1825 with Russia, which admitted the latter's claim to entire control of Behring Sea, pertinently asks:

Whence did the ships of Canada derive the right to do in 1886 that which they had refrained from doing for nearly 50 years?

Upon what grounds did majesty's government defend, in the year 1886, a course of conduct in the Behring sea which has been carefully avoided ever since the discovery of that sea?

By what reasoning did her majesty's government conclude that an act may be committed with impunity against the rights of the United States which had never been attempted against the same rights when held by the Russian empire?

And, regarding the British protest against our seizures of poaching sealing vessels, in which it was claimed that they were made on the high seas, Mr. BLAINE says "it is doubtful whether her majesty's government would abide by this rule if the attempt were made to interfere with the pearl fisheries of Ceylon, which extend more than twenty miles from the shore line, and have been enjoyed by England without molestation ever since their acquisition."

Right and justice are with the United States in this discussion, and both the Cleveland administration, through Secretary BAYARD, and the Harrison administration, through Secretary BLAINE, have maintained our claim. Great Britain did not dare "bluff" Russia, but she is trying it on the United States. We trust the people will support the government in upholding the rights derived from Russia, which Great Britain scrupulously observed from 1825 until 1867, when Russia's rights passed to us, and from 1867 to 1886.

THE excellent plan of confederating the five Central American states of Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador Nicaragua and Costa Rica, which has been maturing for a couple of years, under the leadership of the best political elements of all the states, has met a check in the revolution in San Salvador—a revolution begun by the murder of President MENENDEZ, of that republic, and the assumption of authority by one EZETA, and which had its cause in the fact that MENENDEZ favored the plan of confederation. A war has followed between Guatemala and San Salvador, and at least one battle has been fought. As Guatemala is double in population and wealth, the result of hostilities will very probably be the defeat of San Salvador. However, all hope of concluding the steps necessary to confederation must be postponed until the war ends, and San Salvador determines whether she will join the United States of Central America, or go it alone.

IT is two months yet until the Russian wheat harvest. The outlook now is that the crop will be about the same as last year's. Hence the inevitable shortage in Western Europe must be supplied by importations from the United States, India and Australia. The importations will probably exceed in volume those of last year. Our own total wheat crop will be between 410 and 420 million bushels, as against 490 millions last year. All these facts point to higher prices for wheat, and the farmer who can store his grain until winter and spring will doubtless find profit therein.

OUR minister to France, Hon. WHITELAW REID, has been made the unwilling victim of a "fake" interview by two prominent Parisian newspapers, in which he was quoted as denouncing the McKinley tariff bill as "a measure opposed to civilization," and as saying a number of other very wild things for a Republican. It was a bit of disreputable French journalism, the interview being a pure fabrication.

THE Democrats in Congress started off with a great flourish as to what they would do and what they would permit the Republicans to do. They have not done anything and they have not had the power to prevent the Republicans from doing whatever they thought best. The Democrats haven't made any political capital during this session.

WHY DOES NOT BLAINE CLAIM BEHRING SEA?

The New York *Sun*, in an editorial discussion of the diplomatic correspondence on the Behring Sea question, says:

It is a curious fact that although our treaty of purchase with Russia defines the boundaries of Alaska in such a way as to include nearly the whole of Behring Sea, a body of brine as large as Alaska itself, and although the United States statutes expressly extend our dominion over this vast area of water, and although by Executive proclamation President Harrison warned alien fishermen off the Alaskan waters, the State department has never at any time, in its relations with other governments, distinctly asserted the principle of American ownership and exclusive jurisdiction. And yet the right to enforce our laws in Behring sea beyond the three-mile limit logically depends upon the assertion and establishment of that jurisdiction. On no other basis is our power to overhaul Canadian fishermen who are caught butchering the fur seals clear and indisputable.

True, the specific claim is not advanced; but has it not occurred to our usually astute New York contemporary that there must be a reason for the omission to do so? And is it not probable that this reason is international courtesy toward Russia?

Our right to exclusive ownership of Behring Sea (east of the Russian boundary) rests upon the treaty of 1867 by which we purchased Alaska and the Aleutian Islands; Russia conveyed to us, by that treaty, all the rights and privileges she had formerly claimed and held. She stands behind us, guaranteeing our title to the sea; and to make the specific claim of exclusive jurisdiction would be to at once bring Russia into the dispute, as guarantor of that right.

In view of this fact, it seems to us entirely probable that the direct announcement of this claim was avoided by Secretary BAYARD and Secretary BLAINE, not from any doubt as to its validity, but as a matter of courtesy to Russia; and the attempt has been made to settle the seal fisheries trouble without involving the question of our ownership of Behring Sea, which must necessarily bring Russia into the complication.

For it is a fact that Russia still maintains the same claim over half of Behring Sea, and enforces it so closely that the proaching British sealers give the Russian portion of those waters a wide berth. The Russian authorities do not merely seize the vessels and confiscate the skins taken; they open with shot, and start in to kill. It is not conducive to long life to poach on Russian sealing grounds.

But, if Behring Sea is not a closed sea and we have not exclusive dominion of our half, then it follows logically that Russia has no such control over her half; and it is not to be supposed that our government will yield its claim and allow Russia to maintain hers. That would be absurd. And it would follow, we make no doubt, that if the question were brought to the test of war, Russia would join with the United States to maintain the validity of her claim over her half of the sea, and the title we derived from her over our half.

We think this explains fully the omission to advance this claim. This admin istration, as well as the preceding one, has endeavored to settle the seal question without bringing in the question of the ownership of Bearing Sea, and the consequent involvement of Russia in the matter. It is a point of international courtesy, not a waiving of right, nor an abandonment of one claim because of any doubt of its validity. The assertion of that right by act of Congress, referred to by the *Sun*, is notice to the nations concerned as to our attitude.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—During the past week there has been little relative change in the money market. The New York *Financial Chronicle* says that the movement of money for the week ending Saturday was quite strongly in favor of that city from the interior cities of the United States. Against this, however, was the export of some gold. The Secretary of the Treasury, on July 19, advertised for proposals to sell bonds to the government, bids to be opened on Thursday, July 24. The result was the purchase of a total of $6,800,000, par value, of bonds, which, with the premium paid, adds over $8,250,000 into the circulating medium of the country. The Secretary accepted all offers up to 124 for 4 per cents, and all up to 103¾ for the 4½ per cents. With the bond-purchase policy of the government, and the passage of the silver bill, there is a certainty of plenty of money, and the rates tend downward.

INTEREST RATES.—Call loans in New York for the week ranged between 6 and 2½ per cent, the average being probably less than 4½ per cent, at which figure renewals were made. Time loans were freely offered at 4½@5 per cent for three or four months, and 5@5½ for five or six months. In Europe money has been easier, at 4 per cent for two and three months in London, which is the minimum rate of the Bank of England. Call loans in Paris brought 2½ per cent, and 3¼ at Berlin and Frankfurt. The Bank of England has added £235,000—almost $1,075,000—to its depleted stock of gold. The only unfortunate factor in the European money market is the unsettled feeling due to the panic in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, South America, which has had a tendency to keep up the rate of interest.

RAILROADS.—There is one feature of the railroad situation of the United States worthy of attention—which is, the great increase in current expenses. For this there are several reasons, the chief being the low rates, which requires a much larger amount of traffic to produce a given amount of gross earnings. This is especially the case in the West; and the reduction of rates west of Chicago, where this has gone so far as to destroy the dividend-earning power of the roads. Efforts in railroad circles are especially brought to bear to increase rates, both passenger and freight, between St. Paul and Chicago, and Missouri river points. The other factors in the increased expense account are the liberal policy as to renewals and repairs followed by many roads, and for improvements in road-beds and rolling stock. The other factors are increased wages paid on some lines, and the expenses due to damage from storms, floods, etc.

CROPS.—Crop reports early in the week were somewhat unfavorable for corn, which was in need of rain in many sections, but more particularly in Kansas. Since then there have been general showers all through the corn region, and consequently prospects are again good, though of course some harm was done by the drought. The harvest of winter wheat is about ended and the quality is generally reported as excellent. There has been a movement of new grain to Kentucky and Tennessee, indicating a good milling demand in those states; the shipments to the distributing centres have been moderate, the wheat probably being promptly taken by local millers. The outlook for spring wheat is very good indeed.

"THERE is not a precinct in this vast nation," said Gen. GRANT in 1880, "where a Democrat can not cast his vote and have it counted as cast." That is as true to-day as it was then, and all that is asked in the federal elections bill is that Republicans shall have the same privilege. Surely this is but just and right.

BLAINE'S LETTER TO MR. FRYE.

Mr. BLAINE'S letter to Senator FRYE, published in our news columns to-day, makes a strong plea that, in revising the tariff, in the case of articles which we can not or do not produce in quantities sufficient for our needs, we should make arrangements for reciprocity instead of putting them on the free list.

The reciprocity plan advocated by Mr. BLAINE is no new thing. Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN, carrying out an idea of President ARTHUR, negotiated a reciprocity treaty with Spain, during the last year of ARTHUR'S term, by which we would have secured the practical monopoly of the trade of Cuba and Porto Rico, in return for the free admission of the following articles: Sugar not above No. 15, molasses, coffee, cocoa, fruits and vegetables, fish, hides and skins, indigo and dye woods, palm oil, mineral ores and pig iron, woods of all kinds, sponges, and a few other unimportant articles. This treaty was sent to the Senate just before the change of administration, but no action was taken, because Senator BAYARD, who was to become secretary of State, opposed it, and there was no possibility of securing the necessary legislation from the Democratic House.

We have also had for years a reciprocity treaty with the Hawaiian islands. We secure the bulk of their trade, in return for the admission, free of duty, of rice, sugar, molasses, and a few other articles. For the twelve months ended December 31, 1889, the free imports from those islands under the treaty were as follows:

	Value.
Brown sugar	$13,355,421
Rice	490,561
Molasses	6,788
All other articles	4,252
Total	$13,817,022

Mr. BLAINE simply urges that this policy shall be extended, and that sugar and other articles, *which we cannot produce, enough* for our own needs, shall be made free only to those countries which will remove their duties on our pork, our grain, and other articles which we have to sell. Of course, it is at any time within the power of ourselves and the government of any other country to negotiate a reciprocity treaty, which, on being properly ratified, would supersede any tariff law as regards the articles that the treaty may specify. Mr. BLAINE'S plan merely simplifies the legal steps necessary to be taken.

SHIPBUILDING AND COMMERCE.

We reproduce on the sixth page of this paper an editorial from to-day's issue of the New York *American Economist*, showing the need of the passage of the Farquhar and Frye shipping bills by the present Congress. The historical synopsis with which the article opens is of the highest value. The men who are blindly favoring an economic policy which will make this country the commercial and industrial vassal of England should carefully read it, and note what effect Democratic legislation, during the period of that party's administration of the national government before the war, had in killing our shipbuilding industry and in destroying our ocean shipping interests.

It has been the plea of the free trade propagandists that the protective tariff did all this. The facts disprove the assertion. The decline set in years before the passage of the Morrill bill—the first protective measure passed after the beginning of the war. The change from wooden to iron ships had begun early in the '50's, and under the Democratic low tariff our iron industry was practically dormant. England got the start in the new era of iron ships; then the rebel cruisers, built and armed in England, swept from the seas the bulk of our American merchant fleet. During those years of war, and while the country was slowly recovering from the prostration it produced, England went far beyond us.

But the American shipholders have been gradually gaining ground, and the time has come when we can take the supremacy of the seas in commerce, if the national government will give to our own ships, built by American workmen in American shipyards, similar advantages to those given their own shipping by Great Britain, France, Italy, and, in fact, all the other civilized commercial nations of the world. The two bills in question do this. Their importance to our commercial interests, and hence to our producers, both farmers and manufacturers, can hardly be over-estimated. Read the article. It is full of facts, clearly and honestly presented.

WE will soon have seven kinds of currency in this country—gold, silver, gold certificates, silver certificates, greenbacks, national bank bills, and the new silver bullion Treasury notes. Of these, only the first two—gold and silver coin—are actual money; the others all are promises to pay. The gold certificates represent gold held in the Treasury for their redemption; the silver certificates represent silver dollars held in the Treasury for their redemption; the greenbacks are promises to pay, made by the nation; the national bank bills are promises to pay, made by the banks; and the new silver bullion notes will be promises to pay coin and are secured by the bullion bought with them, which is to be stored in the Treasury.

THE Bulgarian people are a fierce and turbulent race, and the political situation there, which we discussed in full a short time ago, has been much complicated by recent events. An outbreak has occurred at Sofia, the capital, against STAMBOULOFF, the prime minister, because of an execution which he ordered. The insurgents are the partisans of ZANKOFF, who is an agent of Russia, and whose object is to drive Prince FERDINAND from the Bulgarian throne. It is possible that Russia may find opportunity to interfere, and send an army across the Balkans. Then the road to Constantinople would be open, and we might see the dream of PETER the Great, that Constantinople shall become the Russian capital, realized by ALEXANDER III.

THE increase of our population, as well as the progress of the people in intelligence, is marked by the increase in the number of new postoffices. During the past fiscal year the number of new ones established was the largest in the history of the country. There were, on June 30, 1890, a total of 62,400 offices in operation against 58,999 at the close of the fiscal year of 1889. Pennsylvania obtained the largest number of the new offices, and then they follow in order, Texas, Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, and Georgia—suggesting that the Republican administration has been looking closely after the postal needs and interests of the Southern states.

RUSSIA don't propose to be caught napping. Germany is to get the island of Heligoland, in the North Sea, and the Czar's government has just purchased the sterile island of Worm, in the Baltic. It is not much larger than Heligoland, but in case of war will be as useful to Russia in the Baltic as would Heligoland be to Germany.

MR. CLEVELAND says he is opposed to the passage of the Federal elections bill. Very naturally; he would not then have a solid South at his back.

GLEN ECHO AND "RED TOP."

The Democratic press, a few weeks ago, raised a terrible clamor over the Cape May cottage, which was intended as a gift to Mrs. HARRISON from GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, and others. Now it turns out that the President immediately upon the making of the offer, announced his willingness to buy it, but not to accept it as a gift. The arrangement was made that they should go and spend a few days in it before deciding whether or not they wished to purchase it. Mrs. HARRISON liked it, and the President thereupon paid $10,000—the purchase price—for it. So the Democratic sensation falls flat.

Now comes another real estate transaction which the Democrats are trying dreadfully hard to make appear as something awful. Along the Potomac river, some seven miles from Washington, in Montgomery county, Maryland, and outside the limits of the District of Columbia, is a beautiful location for rural residences, called Glen Echo Heights. Mr. JOHN W. SCOTT, the father of Mrs. HARRISON, has purchased for her a lot of five acres, on which it is said she intends to build a summer residence. Private Secretary HALFORD has also bought a lot in the vicinity with the intention of building thereon. Our Democratic friends are estopped from condemning this purchase by the fact that CLEVELAND did the same thing in buying "Red Top;" hence they endeavor to show that the Republican press is inconsistent if it does not condemn HARRISON as it did CLEVELAND.

The cases are entirely different. Any President, or any other official, be he Democrat or Republican, has as much right as any private citizen to buy a building-lot, or a farm, or a summer cottage, and it is no business of the people. THE BLADE, at the time of CLEVELAND'S purchase, condemned it simply because "Red Top" is located in the District of Columbia. The District is under the exclusive control of the federal government, whose affairs are administered by District commissioners, appointed by the President. THE BLADE condemned CLEVELAND'S purchase, because it was in territory under the control of commissioners appointed by CLEVELAND himself, who could and did spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in roads, a park, bridges and other public improvements in the immediate vicinity of Red Top, between it and the city; and the real estate ring which induced CLEVELAND and WHITNEY to buy in that vicinity, where it had large holdings, profited correspondingly. This ring was controlled and the purchase of "Red Top" was engineered by the United States marshal of the District, appointed by Mr. CLEVELAND, and the price paid by the ex-President, if anything was paid, was much less than its actual value.

The Glen Echo purchase is not open to this objection. It is in the state of Maryland, entirely outside the District of Columbia, and hence beyond the control of the District Commissioners. To suppose that President HARRISON should expect or receive any favors from the Democratic county government is absurd. The purchase can in no wise affect the federal treasury, or lead to the slightest rumor of corruption in any form. It can have no favors in the way of public improvements or expenditures that are, directly or indirectly, connected with the President's official position. The difference between this and CLEVELAND'S purchase is perfectly clear.

"FARMERS' ILLS."

On the third page of this issue of the Weekly BLADE will be found an instalment of letters from farmers, in response to the following five questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing ?

2.—How many in every ten, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Were the farmers getting behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your vicinity as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Agriculture stands at the foundation of national prosperity, and unless the farmers are doing well the nation at large cannot flourish. THE BLADE has always steadily championed all measures that it believed to be for the well-being of the agricultural community, and it will discuss the situation editorially during the summer. We are glad to receive answers to the above questions from our readers; but *make them very short*. We want them primarily for our own information, but shall publish each week a selection of representative ones. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left-hand corner write "Farmer's Column." Do *not* address them to the "Farmstead."

THE BANK REDEMPTION FUND.

The new silver law contains one provision which has not received the attention it deserves. There is, in the Treasury at Washington, a large fund held for the redemption of national bank notes. As all know, the notes for these banks are, as a measure of precaution, printed by the government. Now, all of any issue of paper money never comes back for redemption. It is destroyed by fire, it is lost, and it perishes by the elements in some nook or corner, or trodden into mud in city streets, and in other ways. Hence there is necessarily considerable profit arising from this source alone; for if the notes are not presented for redemption, the money they represent remains with whoever issued the notes.

The national banking law provides that these banks shall deposit government bonds in the treasury to secure their circulation. When a bank goes out of business, or reduces its circulation, it has to deposit lawful money for every dollar of its notes outstanding, before it can obtain the bonds. But the notes that have been destroyed can not be returned for redemption, and hence the government retains possession of the funds held for that purpose.

The treasury is able to redeem all of these notes presented, out of its regular balances, without trouble, and there is no real necessity for retaining large sums in its vaults as security for them. The redemption fund has frequently been as large as one hundred millions. On July 12 it was $55,102,828, while the total amount of national bank notes redeemed during the entire week was only $215,115.

The silver bill provides that this redemption fund shall be counted as part of the cash balance of the treasury. That means that it can be appropriated and paid out for any authorized purpose whatever, instead of being held for one specific purpose. The effect of this provision is to add this fifty-five million dollars to the amount available for circulation, and it will be paid out and go into the channels of trade as rapidly as it is called for.

WYOMING'S first state election comes on September 23. We predict a sweeping Republican victory.

THAT STORY

WILL BEGIN VERY SHORTLY NOW.

Written Expressly for The Blade, and to Run During the Campaign Now Opening.

With the conclusion of Marion Harland's excellent story, "Mr. Wayt's Wife's Sister," which will run but one or two weeks longer, we shall at once begin the publication of a new political serial, which will be entitled,

UNCLE SAM IN 1894;

A Story of Our Immediate Future.

This serial will combine the interest of a rapidly-moving story of incident, turning upon the development of political events, with a discussion of current political issues. The "story with a purpose" is not a new thing, as witness the tremendous popularity of "Robert Elsmere," and others of the class; but a story dealing with the tariff, the subject of pensions, and other topics uppermost in the public mind at this time is a novelty, and from a perusal of the opening chapters we are certain our readers will pronounce it not only a success, but intensely interesting.

The author is one of the best-posted men of the country upon the tariff issue, in all its ramifications; he has written much upon it in a leading editorial capacity; and he is known as a writer of clever and interesting stories. Hence he is perfectly at home in the field selected, and THE BLADE'S readers may be assured that the story will be one worth their attention, and withal one that is likely to create a sensation.

The Scene of the Story

Is placed in Ohio, and while it refers back to the war period, the main action takes place in the future. The author has assumed that the present Congress fails to do justice to the surviving soldiers of the late war, or to answer the demands of the Western farmers for measures calculated to give them relief, and that consequently the next Congress (the Fifty-second) has a Democratic House. He then traces this supposed revulsion in public feeling through to the campaign of 1892, and the election of a Democratic President.

The reaction is so great that the Senate dare not oppose the will of the people, and the result is the overthrow of protection, the adoption of free trade, and other radical changes in national policy. The story then goes on to show the effect upon the people of the United States, gives a vivid pen picture of the new order of things, and the totally unexpected results which flow from it.

There is nothing in the story that is not only both possible and probable; and some startling pictures are drawn which, while they seem strange, are by no means beyond realization, and that within the next four years.

This story will give our readers new material for thought and discussion; it will broaden their horizon of political knowledge; and it will be especially useful to the boys and young men, just coming on the stage of political action.

Campaign Subscribers.

We shall make a special effort for campaign subscribers this summer, in order to give this story the widest circulation possible. We ask our friends to mail us lists of names of persons to whom we may send sample copies of THE BLADE with the full announcement of the story, which will be given shortly, and probably also sample copies containing the first installment. Send us names, and send them quickly!

"WE'LL BOYCOTT YOU!"

The Atlanta *Constitution* comes out with an editorial urging the Southern people, if the federal elections bill is passed, to boycott all Northern merchandise, and declaring that immediately on the bill's approval by the President a call will be issued for the organization of "home-rule" clubs, whose members shall pledge themselves to buy nothing from the North. Governor GORDON, of Georgia, is out in a letter advising the plan.

We thought all that silliness had ended with the slaveholders' rebellion. For a generation before 1861, we heard that cry from the South—"if you don't do as we want, we won't buy of you." That silly spirit was one of the most powerful incentives to the adoption of free trade ideas by CALHOUN and his dark brood of conspirators. It was not free trade they wanted, so much as to avoid buying of the hated North, and to adopt a system that would prevent our ever developing our industries. The stupid Democracy of the North blindly followed the lead, and to-day it is yawping for free trade as a consequence.

It is refreshing to read the New York *Herald's* comment on the *Constitution's* silliness and GORDON'S pretentious endorsement of it. The *Herald* is Democratic, as far as it has any decided political convictions, and it is bitterly opposed to the federal elections bill. But its comments have a patriotic ring that we rejoice to hear. It says:

The editor of the *Constitution* is undoubtedly serious in this proposal, although we should prefer to regard it as an outburst of irony and humor. If there is anything that would insure the passage of the "force" bill by an overwhelming pressure of Northern sentiment it would be the threat that unless Northern people voted according to the dictates of Southern politicians the Southerners would not buy their goods. There is something so mercenary in the suggestion, something so grotesque, that it is difficult to treat it with seriousness.

And yet we might as well say seriously to our friend in Atlanta, who cannot dislike the "force" bill or any legislation akin to it more cordially than the *Herald*, that if he wants to see every Northern and Western state go Republican, let him make it clear that the Southerners mean to introduce boycotting into their politics. Upon that issue we can promise New York to the next Republican candidate for President by 50,000 majority.

The Northern people will simply not endure it. Their opinions are not for sale. Their goods, not their principles, are in the market. To be told that unless we vote as was dictated down on the Suwanee River there would be no Southern markets for Northern manufactures would make the most hidebound Democratic pedler a Republican.

SAN SALVADOR'S troubles are to be forcibly arbitrated by Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Guatemala, who have formed a triple alliance in that behalf. Gen. EZETA, the military provisional president of Salvador, is ordered to surrender his position and afford opportunity for a general election by the people. Meanwhile, Guatemala, herself, is not in a desirable condition politically, and several signs of an approaching revolutionary struggle in that country are manifest.

THOUGH the action of the Maine Democratic state convention makes the campaign in that state this year a square fight between prohibition and anti-prohibition. Mr. AARON CLARK, the third party nominee for governor, has thus far resisted the pressure to withdraw. Mr. CLARK'S candidacy can only detach a few hundred votes from the Republican majority, and to that extent benefit the anti-prohibitionists.

☞ *Send in the names of your Republican and farmer friends who do not take The Blade, that we may mail to them sample copies.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

Mark Twain's eldest daughter will enter Bryn Mawr college this fall.

Germany manufactures over £2,000,000 worth of children's toys every year.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the East.

Stanley continues to be much "written up" in most of the English new

UNION SERVICE PENSION ASS'N.

JUSTICE "to him who has borne the battle, to his widow and orphans."

NEW CAMPS.

Official Reports of the Organization of Union Service Pension Associations for the Week.

There was an error in this organization as printed last week; we reprint it correctly:

George Washington Camp, No. 13 of Ohio.

Caldwell, Noble Co., Ohio; 17th Congressional district; organized July 14, 1890; 50 members.
Commandant—J. M. Daizell, Caldwell, O.
Vice Commandant—Geo. W. Brown.
Adjutant—James W. Webber, Caldwell, O.

Ava Camp, No. 16 of Ohio.

Ava, Noble Co., Ohio; 17th Congressional district; organized July, 1890; 15 members.
Commandant—J. C. Wheeler, Ava, Noble Co., Ohio.
Vice Commandant—J. N. Hickle.
Adjutant—John Fulton, Ava, Noble Co., Ohio.
Quartermaster—A. T. Erskine.

Marietta Camp, No. 15 of Ohio.

Marietta, Washington Co., Ohio; 14th Congressional district; organized July 24, 1890; 16 members.
Commandant—L. H. Binkley, Marietta, Ohio.
Vice Commandant—Frank D. Sprague.
Adjutant—J. D. Payne, Marietta, Ohio.
Quartermaster—J. C. Smith.

M. E. Tyler Camp, No. 16 of Ohio.

Fremont, Sandusky Co., Ohio; Seventh Congressional district; organized ——, 1890; 100 members.
Commandant—Elijah Culbert, Fremont, Sandusky Co., Ohio.
Vice Commandant—George W. Guest.
Adjutant—A. H. Scranton, Fremont, Ohio.

McDowell Camp No. 6 of Missouri.

Mc Dowell, Barry county, Mo.; ——Congressional district; organized July 17, 1890; 19 members.
Commandant—Jno. W. Hemphill, McDowell, Barry county, Mo.
Vice Commandant—H. C. Heutchens.
Adjutant—F. B. Burros, McDowell, Barry county, Mo.

Boyd Camp, No. 7, of Missouri.

Dallas county, Mo.; 13th Congressional district; organized July 19, 1890; 12 members.
Commandant—John W. Haston, Sr.
Vice Commandant—J. J. Wingo.
Adjutant—A. T. Nimmo.

Higbee Camp, No. 8 of Missouri.

Higbee, Randolph Co., Missouri; —— congressional district; organized July 22, 1890; 14 members.
Commandant—John W. Floyd, Higbee, Randolph Co., Mo.
Vice Commandant—J. G. Harrus.
Adjutant—K. K. Hayden, Higbee, Randolph Co., Mo.
Quartermaster—John V. Cooch.

Bowling Green Camp, No. 9 of Missouri.

Bowling Green, Pike Co., Mo.; 7th congressional district; organized July —, 1890; 17 members.
Commandant—G. A. Wetherell, Bowling Green, Mo.
Vice Commandant—W. H. Tinker.
Adjutant—W. D. McLean, Bowling Green, Mo.

Le Sueur Center Camp, No. 3 of Minnesota.

Le Sueur Center, Le Sueur Co., Minn.; —Congressional district; organized July 23, 1890; 80 members.
Commandant—David H. Semans, Le Sueur Center, Minn.
Vice Commandant—John Van Buren.
Adjutant—Jacob Gish, Le Sueur Center, Minn.
Quartermaster—Wm. Gibbs.

Poplar Creek Camp, No. 3 of Kentucky.

Middlepoint, Knox Co., Ky.; —— Congressional district; organized July 23, 1890; 10 members.
Commandant—W. D. Engle, Middlepoint, Ky.
Vice-Commandant—John Wilson.
Adjutant—W. W. Matheens, Middlepoint, Knox Co., Ky.
Quartermaster—J. J. Pridemore.

Fort Dodge Camp, No. 1 of Iowa.

Fort Dodge, Webster Co., Iowa; 10th Congressional district; organized July 10, 1890; 73 members.
Commandant—Henry A. Platt, Fort Dodge, Webster Co., Iowa.
Vice Commandant—L. E. Hurlbert.
Adjutant—Joe W. Donald, Fort Dodge, Webster Co., Iowa.

Hammond Camp, No. 1 of Wisconsin.

Hammond, St. Croix Co., Wis.; 8th Congressional district; organized July 23, 1890; 61 members.
Commandant—W. J. Egbert, Hammond, Wis.
Vice Commandant—W. L. Cooper.
Adjutant—F. N. Plumb, Hammond, Wis.

Euchee Camp, No. 2 of Tennessee.

Euchee, Meigs Co., Tenn.; 3d Congressional district; organized July 19, 1890; 21 members.
Commandant—Hankins Daniel, Euchee, Meigs Co., Tenn.
Vice Commandant—Shadrack Rowden.
Adjutant—R. S. Rowden, Euchee, Meigs Co., Tenn.

There was a typographical error in the number of the following Camp last week. The following is correct:

Riverton Camp, No. 5 of Michigan.

Riverton, Mason Co., Mich.; —— Congressional district; organized July 12, 1890; 15 members.
Commandant—J. E. Scott, Riverton, Mich.
Vice Commandant—A. Van Sickles, Riverton, Mich.
Adjutant—A. E. Taylor, Riverton, Mich.

Formoso Camp, No. 9 of Kansas.

Formoso, Jewell Co., Kansas; —— Congressional district; organized June 26, 1890; 52 members.
Commandant—J. H. Thornburg.
Vice Commandant—A. B. Balch.
Adjutant—Samuel Dunson, Formoso, Jewell Co., Kansas.

Sloan Camp, No. 5 of Indiana.

English, Crawford Co., Indiana; 2d Congressional district; organized July 26, 1890; 23 members.
Commandant—Geo. M. D. Key.
Vice Commandant—A. L. Jameson.
Adjutant—Geo. A. Newkirk.
Quartermaster—Wm. T. Mathers, English, Indiana.

The U. S. P. A. Booming!

The Union Service Pension Association is taking hold. Each week shows a goodly roll of new Camps, and those already formed are increasing their membership through their Recruiting Committees. One comrade writes: "Our 16 'charter members' have increased to 85, and more coming every week." Another writes: "Though we began with only a handful, we now have nearly 200 on our roll."

The fact that this is the "busy time" with the farmers hinders the work considerably; but after the most of the work is over, the comrads will, as one expressed himself in the letter published last week, begin to "roll her after harvest." Here is a sample letter from a comrade at Scottsville, Kansas:

We have 40 signers to the Pledge, and will organize an association at our next meeting, and will push the work, and send you reports as soon as possible.

As I stated in my first communication to you, every member of our G. A. R. post will sign, and many of our citizens; and can safely promise you a strong association here.

Another sample letter is the following, from Carbondale, Ill.:

We are at work in regard to the organization of the Union Service Pension association, and have 60 members. As the most of our members are farmers, and very busy at present, it is not convenient for us to all get together, but will do so as soon as possible.

And that is the tenor of dozens—nay, hundreds—of letters we have received within the past two weeks. Push the work, comrades!

"Heaven helps those who help themselves." It is easy to grumble because justice is not done; we open the way for you to obtain it, to get your rights, if you will only put your shoulders to the wheel, and push the organization of the U. S. P. A.

Hundreds and thousands of old soldiers, Republicans, have expressed their disgust over the dilatoriness of Congress in the matter of service pensions, and declared that they will not "vote the Republican ticket any longer." That is a mistake of theirs. If the Democratic party were pledged to the service pension idea, or if there were the slightest possibility that it would do so, their action might be judicious.

Don't sit back and expect *other* men to do the work; *your* name, *your* vote, *your* influence, *your* effort, are needed.

Don't sit idle and say, "it won't do any good." That was not the way men talked when they enlisted in the armies of the Union to put down the Rebellion!

Don't say "the G. A. R. has been working for a service pension, and has not succeeded; therefore it is useless to try." Think a moment! The Grand Army is non-political; it can not, under its constitution, ask candidates for Congress to pledge themselves to vote for a service pension law; it can not ask its members to vote only for candidates who will so pledge themselves.

But the U. S. P. A. is organized to do these very things, and for nothing else. It is hardly necessary to say it is not a rival organization, for no one has such an absurd idea. Every Grand Army man can join it without injuring that splendid order; every friend of the soldier can join it; and all *should* join it!

U. S. P. A. Headquarters, Boston.

The headquarters for the Union Service Pension Association and THE BLADE, will be at the Hotel Vendome, Boston, during the G. A. R. National Encampment, August 11, 13, 14 and 15. That hotel will be headquarters of the G. A. R. officials, and the center of personal interest to the thousands of old soldiers who will flock to Boston on that occasion. We shall be there, and glad to see every friend of THE BLADE, and every friend of service pensions.

A Word to Adjutants.

Comrades, please be particular to send all the particulars. First, have the comrades select whatever *name* they wish for the Camp; leave the *number* blank, as all in one state are to be numbered successively, and we will put in the number when it is published in THE BLADE.

Be *sure* to send the date of organization, and the number of members.

Be *sure* to send the number of your Congressional district.

Be *sure* to send the postoffice addresses of the Commandant and Adjutant.

No Red Tape About It.

We still get letters from comrades who imagine there is some form to go through before organizing. There is no red tape about the U. S. P. A. As soon as you are ready to organize, there is but one thing to do—*organize*, and get to work! The "work" is, first, getting every voter possible in your locality to join your Camp; second, organizing Camps in neighboring localities. The purpose of the U. S. P. A. is to get as many voters as possible to join it, in order that it may wield all the power possible. The only blank is the pledge blank. When you have enough to organize a Camp, organize it, and send us the organization for record; that is all there is to do.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Of the "Union Service Pension Association."

Send for blank pledges, and a bundle of copies of THE BLADE, containing the Plan of Organization. They will be sent *free of charge*, to you. A reading of the U. S. P. A. articles on the fifth page is all that is needed to enable any one to understand its comprehensive scope, the simplicity of its organization, its effective mode of reaching its ends by proper, just and honorable methods. And every fair-minded man who favors service pensions is willing to join, and aid in the effort to secure them.

The blank pledges have the pledge of the U. S. P. A. printed at the top, with blank spaces below for signers' names. The following is the form:

PLEDGE OF THE UNION SERVICE PENSION ASSOCIATION.

We hereby agree to become members of the Union Service Pension Association of the County of ——, [of the ——th Congressional district*] of the state of ——.

We hereby pledge ourselves to work for the nomination and election to the national House of Representatives of no one who will not pledge himself, unequivocally and publicly, to use his best efforts for the early passage of a service pension bill, which shall grant to every honorably-discharged soldier or sailor, who served for a proper time in the army or navy of the United States, a reasonable pension, and which shall increase that minimum in proportion to the time of service, either at the rate of one cent a day for all service over a stated period, as provided in what is known as the "Grand Army per diem bill," or some similar plan which shall recognize the principle that those who served the country the longest and the most faithfully, and which shall grant to the widow of every honorably discharged soldier or sailor, irrespective of the cause of his death, a pension, or such other provision for any minor children he may leave, under the age of 16 years, and until they reach that age. And he must pledge himself unequivocally not to be bound by any caucus action in the House to support any pension bill which does not contain such provisions.

And we hereby agree that as soon as ten persons have signed this pledge, we will join with them in the formal organization of this association, in the election of officers, and in increasing the membership of the association; and that the organization shall be completed according to the "Plan of Organization" published in THE TOLEDO BLADE. In witness whereof we herewith sign our names:

NAMES. NAMES.

*This clause in brackets is to be stricken out in forming associations in states which elect but one representative.

When you write to us for blank pledges, send us the names of all the persons in your vicinity whom you think will join, and we will send each a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the pledge and this "Plan of Organization," besides a number of copies to your address for you to use in the work. As soon as the blanks come, start at once to get signatures. Several pledge blanks will be sent; put each in the hands of a good man, and canvass for signers.

Explain that the association does not aim to found a new party; that the idea is simply to throw the solid vote of every friend of service pensions *in favor* of the nomination and election of men to Congress who will openly and honestly pledge themselves, if elected, to work for and vote for a service pension bill, as detailed in the pledge—and *against* any candidate (either for nomination or election) who will not so pledge himself.

Take the pledge among your friends. Grand Army men, ex-soldiers who are not comrades of the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans who are voters (or will be by the concressional election), and the friends of service pensions everywhere. Get as many signatures as you can before calling a meeting. Then only two signers, and fix upon a suitable time and place of meeting. Call the meeting to order, and have a chairman and secretary *pro tempore* chosen. The meeting should not be secret. Have all come who wish, whether they sign or not.

The next thing in order is the reading of the pledge and the list of signers; and then comes the adoption of the constitution and the election of permanent officers. The constition is given below. If by-laws are needed, they can be prepared and adopted.

As soon as the result of the election is declared, let the new officers take their seats, the same evening. Let one or more Recruiting Committees be appointed, and, if possible, an Extension Committee; have them instructed by the Commandant in their duties, by his reading the sections of the constitution defining them. Fix a meeting night, if possible, not more than a week ahead; have the Working Committees instructed to report then; and adjourn. Let the adjutant report the organization to THE BLADE, for which purpose a stamped envelope is sent with the blanks. He should report as follows:

REPORT OF ORGANIZATION

Of ..... Camp of the Union Service Pension Association, of.....,
in the county of....., in the.....
Congressional district, state of.....:

Organized on ..... 1890.
Number of members enrolled, ...
Commandant, ...
Postoffice address.....
Vice Commandant, ...
Adjutant, ...
Postoffice address.....
Quartermaster, ...

☞ Be sure to give postoffice, county and state, in the postoffice addresses of Commandant and Adjutant.

Sent by

.....,
.....,

There are no instituting or installing officers, and, as yet, no charters needed. When the State Council for your state, or the National Council, is organized, it can issue charters, if it deems them necessary. When your Camp is organized as above, it is ready for work—ready to push the work of the Association, by enrolling every voter possible in its ranks, and organizing new Camps near you.

CONSTITUTION

Of the Union Service Pension Association of the United States.

ARTICLE I.—NAME AND OBJECTS.

SECTION 1.—The name of this organization shall be, "The Union Service Pension Association of ——, county of ——, [——th Congressional district of the] state of ——."

SEC. 2.—Its object shall be solely to work for the nomination and election of men to Congress who will pledge themselves to work for the preparation, and vote for the passage of, a bill which shall grant a pension to every honorably discharged soldier and sailor of the war of the Rebellion, the widows of such persons, and their minor children up to the age of sixteen years; and to oppose the nomination and election of any man who opposes such a measure.

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERSHIP.

SEC. 1.—Any legal voter, or any one who will have become a legal voter by the date of the next election of members of the national House of Representatives, may become a member of this association by election thereto, by the vote of a majority of the members present at any regular or called meeting of this body, and signing the pledge of this association.

ARTICLE III.—OFFICERS.

SEC. 1.—The regular officers of this association shall be a Commandant, Vice Commandant and Adjutant [and Quartermaster, if a treasurer shall be deemed necessary; if not, his duties shall be discharged by the Adjutant.]

SEC. 2.—The Commandant shall be the presiding officer, and discharge all the duties commonly appertaining to that position. He shall also detail all Working Committees for the furtherance of the objects of the association, and designate the special field of duty of each.

SEC. 3.—The Vice Commandant shall act as Commandant in the absence of that officer, and shall in such cases exercise the same powers.

SEC. 4.—The Adjutant shall keep a record of the proceedings of each meeting, including the names of all Working Committees, read the reports of the same, and discharge all the duties usually pertaining to the office of secretary.

[If a Quartermaster is appointed, a section should be added defining his duties.]

ARTICLE IV.—WORKING COMMITTEES.

SEC. 1. For the furtherance of the objects of this association, Working Committees shall be detailed by the Commandant, who shall instruct them as to the special object to be attained.

SEC. 2. One of these shall be the Recruiting Committee, whose chairman shall be styled the Recruiting Officer; and, if the membership be more than one or two, these committees shall be detailed at one time, consisting of three members or more, in the discretion of the Commandant. Their duty shall be to personally canvass every voter in the section in which their work is assigned, explaining to each the objects and pledge of the Association, and to secure as many new members as possible. The Commandant, when detailing a Recruiting Committee, shall distinctly state the portion of territory which they are to canvass, which shall be small enough to allow the committee to see every voter in the section. The Recruiting Committee shall report at the next meeting of the Association, and be discharged—one or more new committees being appointed for duty in their stead.

SEC. 3.—When a choice of delegates to a Congressional convention, for the nomination of a candidate for Representative in Congress, is to take place, the Commandant shall detail one or more Working Committees, of as many members each as he shall deem expedient; and at least one committee shall be so appointed for each place of meeting of a primary caucus for the selection of delegates. The Working Committees for this particular purpose shall be called Caucus Committees. It shall be their duty to be present at the caucus or its equivalent, explain the objects and aims of the Union Service Pension association, and endeavor to obtain, by all honorable means, the selection of delegates who will vote only for a nominee as candidate for representative who will publicly and unequivocally pledge himself to work and vote for a service pension bill, in accordance with the pledge of this Association. These Caucus Committees shall report formally at the next meeting of the Association to the commandant; and he shall, after the hearing of the report of each, and the reception thereof by the Association, formally declare upon the particular Caucus Committee declaring it to be "with the highest commendation," if its work has been completely successful, and he believes it to have done its work with reasonable diligence; "without commendation," if he considers the work as well done as the committee was capable of doing; and "with censure," if he is convinced the committee neglected its work—which words shall be entered on the minutes of the meeting, after the entry of the discharge of the committee from duty.

SEC. 4.—At the meeting before the election for candidates of Congress, the Commandant shall detail a Working Committee, to be called the Polls Committee, for every voting precinct within the jurisdiction of this Association, whose duty it shall be to be present at the voting place to which it is assigned from the time the polls open until they close. It shall be the duty of this committee to respectfully call the attention of every voter who comes to deposit his ballot to the navy of this association, and to use all honorable arguments to induce him to cast his vote for Representative in accordance with the pledge of this Association. The Commandant shall appoint for each precinct a Polls Committee large enough to have at least three members present constantly, if it be practicable so to do. Each Polls Committee shall report fully on its work and its result, as shown by the vote at its precinct, at the next meeting of the Association; and the Commandant, in formally discharging it from duty, shall pronounce his verdict on its work, after the manner prescribed in the preceding section, which verdict shall be entered on the minutes.

SEC. 5.—If it shall be possible so to do, and the Association deem it necessary, at the next meetings before the date of the assembling of the caucuses mentioned in section 3 above, and before the election mentioned in section 4, the Commandant shall detail a Rallying Committee for each caucus and voting precinct, whose duty shall be to see that every member of this association, and every voter known to be favorable to the objects of this Association, is present at the caucus or the election to take part therein.

SEC. 6.—When there shall be an election pending of members of a state legislature upon which will devolve the election of an United States Senator, the Commandant of this Association, upon notification from the State Council or from the District Council, shall appoint Caucus Committees, Polls Committees and Rallying Committees, as prescribed in the foregoing sections, with the intent and object of electing a majority of the legislature favorable to the selection of a senator who will favor a service pension law.

SEC. 7.—Any other Working Committees for other purposes connected with the general object of the Association, may be provided for by the Association, and detailed for duty by the commandant. And the order of this District Council for the detail of any Working Committee it shall deem desirable, or the order of the State Council for a similar detail, shall be promptly obeyed.

SEC. 8.—No Working Committee shall be detailed for any political purpose other than bearing upon the election of a Representative in Congress, or upon the choice of an United States Senator, favorable to a service pension law, in accord with the pledge of this Association; or to defeat the election of candidates for those offices who are opposed to service pensions.

ARTICLE V.—ORDER OF BUSINESS.

SEC. 1.—The order of business at each regular meeting of this Association shall be:

1.—Reading of minutes.
2.—Reports of any special committee.
3.—Reports of Working committees, in this order:
(a) Recruiting Committee, through Recruiting Officer.
(b) Extension Committee.
(c) Caucus Committees.
(d) Polls Committees.
(e) Rallying Committees.
(f) Special Working Committees.
4.—Admission of new members.
5.—Postponed business.
6.—New business.
7.—Order of the Day—under which head the progress of the association, communications from the District or State or National Councils, the state of the service pension question among the people, the prospects of the campaign, if one be pending, new pension legislation, or the action of Congress on any general pension matter, the utterances of party platforms on the subject of pensions, and everything pertaining to the objects of the association may come up for discussion, or be read for information.
8.—Detail of new Working Committees, to serve until the next regular meeting.
9.—Miscellaneous (under which officials report.)
10.—Adjournment to a fixed date.

[Meetings should be held weekly until the entire territory under the jurisdiction of the association shall be thoroughly canvassed by the Recruiting Committees, and the membership be brought to a maximum. The association can then fix on a regular meeting night.]

ARTICLE VI.—EXTENSION.

SEC. 1.—As soon as any Association is thoroughly organized, it shall discuss, at each meeting, under the head of Order of the Day, the matter of organizing new Associations. The most favorable localities shall be considered, and a selection made, by motion that an extension of the Association be made in that place. The motion being carried, the Commandant shall detail a Working Committee, to be called the Extension Committee, to consist of at least three members, of whom the Commandant shall be chairman *ex officio*; and if he is unable at the designated time to attend, the Vice Commandant shall take his place. This Extension Committee shall, at a suitable date, before the next regular meeting, as directed by the Commandant, go to that locality, and obtain enough signatures to the Pledge of this Association, not less than ten, and proceed at once to organize a new Association. This work shall be kept up until a sufficient number of Associations are organized to fully cover the ground; but the orders of the County Council of Administration, as soon as it is organized, are to be followed in the work of extension.

ARTICLE VII.—COUNTY COUNCIL OF ADMINISTRATION.

SEC. 1.—There shall be in every county a Council of Administration, composed solely of the Commandants of the different Associations therein, which shall have supervision of the work of forming the new Associations, and of extension into surrounding counties.

SEC. 2.—As soon as three Associations are fully organized in any county, their Commandants shall meet and organize by the election of a chairman, who shall preside at their sessions, and have power to call special meetings, if need arises. This Council of Administration shall meet in the county seat, if possible, but meetings may be held elsewhere, if desired. As fast as new Associations are organized, their Commandants will take their places as members of the Council.

SEC. 3.—The duty of the Council of Administration is to determine how many separate Associations are necessary to be organized in the county to best further the objects of the Association, and where each is to be located; to determine what Associations shall send Extension Committees to these localities, and generally to harmonize and direct the work of extension, which they shall push as rapidly as possible, until arrangements are made to have every polling-place in the county under the special charge of some Association.

SEC. 4.—Whenever a county political convention is held, it shall be the duty of the Council of Administration to bring the purposes of the Association before its members, and to endeavor to obtain an endorsement of service pensions in the platform thereof; and in case of a county convention for the purpose of selecting delegates to a Congressional Convention, the Council of Administration shall take upon itself the duties of a Caucus Committee, working to obtain an endorsement of service pensions and the selection of only such delegates as are favorable to the nomination of a candidate who will endorse the pledge of this Association.

ARTICLE VIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

SEC. 1.—This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided that the amendment or amendments shall have been submitted in writing at the previous meeting, held at least one week before the one on which the vote is to be taken thereon, and entered on the minutes.

The matter of finances has not been touched upon, as the idea is to have the officers and Working Committees serve without pay. All necessary expenses for hall, lights, stationery, postage, etc., can be provided for by a small assessment on each member, of a few cents each.

District Councils.

As soon as *five* camps are formed in your Congressional district, we will notify each that it is in order to choose a member of the District Council for your Congressional district. The time and place of its meeting will be fixed from these headquarters. The District Council will have full control of the Congressional campaign—its work being to see that the candidate chosen for Representative in Congress shall be one in full sympathy with the service pension idea, and who has taken the public pledge named in the Pledge of the U. S. P. A.

State Councils.

There will also be a State Council in every state. Its duty is so supervise the work of the Association in that state, and especially to see that, when an United States Senator is to elected by the legislature, he shall be pledged, the same as a Representatives, and to supervise the canvass of members of the legislature which will choose a Senator, in the interest of service pensions, by seeing that only such members of the legislature are elected as will pledge themselves to vote only for a candidate for Senator who will give the required pledge. In the states electing but one Congressmen each, the State Council will be the same as the District Council, and should be chosen as directed above. In other states, as soon as the District Councils are organized, they will be called on to choose members of the State Council, which will meet at the state capital. The State Council should be small in numbers, to save expense; hence the basis of representation has been fixed as follows:

For states having 20 or more Congressional districts, *one* member of the State Council for every district.

For states having more than 5 districts and less than 20, each District Council to choose *two* members of the State Council.

For states having more than two and less than five districts, each District Council to choose one member of the State Council for every *five* Associations in the district, and one additional member for a fraction of three or more Associations. This provision is but temporary, and will be considered by the National Council when organized.

National Council.

When *five* states have fully organized by the organization of State Councils, we shall call on the District Councils of the entire Union to each send one delegate to the National Council, at Toledo, Ohio, and will fix the date of the meeting of that body. It will have supreme control of the Association of the United States, will adopt a permanent constitution for it, and take full charge.

THE OLD BRIDGE RAIL.

Gosh t' goodness! hain't it fun
When the yaller of the sun
Turns to purple in the west,
When the da'ry milkin's dun
An' we all can take a rest?
There's the rail with the notches cut
Jist above the river's gut,
Where the eddies circle round—
Privatest place for fun 'ground.
Half a dozen leanin' there,
Elbow clost to elbow wear—
'Ginst the same old cedar rail,
Watchin' boys a-pullin' eels—
Silver grubs they never fail
Catchin' on to fishes' meals.

Goodness! what a lot we talk;
An' we watch the lovers walk
'Mong the willers clost beside
Rushes where the brushes balk
Into foam the river's tide.
That old rail above the gut
If't could speak a story'd put
Into words to make you smile;
For it's held for years a pile
Of the farmer folks when sun
Turns its yaller in the west
Into purple an' is dun—
When the folks kum down to rest.
—[H. S. Keller in Judge.

Crushing the Toiling Editor.

There is always a good deal of talk about the newspaper deadhead. Few people stop to think how dearly the editor earns the compliments that are believed to be freely extended to him, and his seat at the theater, his oyster in the church festival soup are often begrudged him. Very few people appreciate the circumstances, how the favors are earned and so often ungraciously extended. The following dialogue from the Chicago *Tribune* is a striking illustration:

"Mr Seeds," inquired the president of the agricultural fair, "has the editor of the Jayville *Banner* published the notices you have sent him from time to time about our next exhibition?"

"No, sir," answered the secretary.

"Did he print that column and a-half about the improvement in the race-track and the poultry pens?"

"He did, and called attention to it in a double-leaded editorial."

"Then send him a complimentary ticket, not transferrable, good for one person, and tell him to keep on whooping things up lively."—[Upper Sandusky Union.

Baby's Recognition

"Oh," says mamma to her husband, "such good news! Baby talks. He has just said his first words."

"Really?"

"Yes; just fancy. We were at the monkey cage in the park, when baby cried out: 'Ah, papa!'"—[Chatter.

What The Farmers Have to Stand.

Miss Angela Sillibilly (fresh from the city)—Oh! oh! Just look at those dear little cows.

Brutal Rustic—Aw, them ain't cows. Them's calves.

Miss Angela Sillibilly—Indeed! How awfully nice. And can't we all go out and remove the jelly from their feet before it spoils?—[American Grocer.

REVIVING OUR COMMERCE.

THOSE TWO SHIPPING BILLS.

The Facts as to Our Merchant Marine—Why the Policy of the Two Bills Is Sound, And Should be Favored by the People.

The issue of the *American Economist* for July 25 contains the following article, which we reproduce entire in THE BLADE, because of the great importance of the rehabilitation of our ocean commerce, and because the plan which the Farquhar and Frye shipping bills propose to enact into law is the only one by which we can hope for success:

Farmers, mechanics, laborers, business and professional men are all urged that the question of shipbuilding in this country and ship owning is one with which they have no interest; that it is merely a question of profit to a few persons living on the seashore. But as a matter of fact both are productive industries, adding to the resources and employments of the country so happy as to possess them.

It is well known that we were at one time the first shipbuilding country, as far as the quality of the product is concerned. Before the war of 1812, which was forced upon us by Great Britain with the hope of destroying our merchant marine, were building over 100,000 tons a year, through the encouragement given to our shipping by duties which were less on goods imported in vessels built and owned in America, and port charges which were less on American built vessels under foreign flags than on foreign built vessels under the same flags.

Recovering from the war of 1812, and the treaty of 1815, which prevented such discriminations against the vessels of England, Congress passed a law in 1817 confiscating any foreign ship and its cargo which brought any goods to this country not the produce of the country to, which that ship belonged. And Ricardo, the great English free trade writer, said of this law, that under it, with the dearest built, and the dearest manned ships in the world, we forced England to give up to us two-thirds of the carrying trade between the two countries. This law was abrogated in 1830 by mutual agreement when England repealed her navigation laws, which were not as effective as ours.

There was no marked loss to this country immediately apparent from this change in our laws (any more than the first effect of the repeal of the English "corn laws" was apparently injurious to the British farmers), although we entered on a struggle with a nation which had more ships, greater capital, cheaper labor, and was then the greatest manufacturing country in the world, when our manufactures were being wiped out by the tariff of discretion of 1816, and, as Mr. Gladstone predicted, we were beaten. But under the stimulus given to our shipping by the gold discoveries in California, the heavy immigration from Ireland and Germany and the demand for shipping occasioned by the Crimean war, our shipbuilding increased until 1855.

This is the date assigned by Dr. David A. Wells for the commencement of our maritime decline in "our merchant marine." This was *seven years before the Morrill tariff*. And no one can rightly accuse Dr. Wells of having expressed protectionist views since his first visit to England. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1855, we built 583,450 tons of shipping and sold 65,387 tons to foreigners, and 73.6 per cent of our foreign commerce was carried under the American flag. In the fiscal year 1860 we were building only 214,798 tons and sold 17,481 tons to foreigners, while the commerce carried under our flag had fallen to 66.5 per cent, a ratio of decline which, if continued, would have sent us to England for our canal boats and skiffs before this. None of these vessels were built by foreigners.

In addition to the repeal of the restriction clauses of our navigation laws, giving English ships, with their cheaper capital and labor, as free access to our ports as our own vessels had, all subsidies were withdrawn from American steamer lines by the act of June 14, 1857. Up to this time American steamer lines across the Atlantic had been getting a little over $1 where the English lines were getting five. The Cunard line was also under a ten years contract making its immense subsidy secure. This withdrawal of subsidies resulted, as was apparently intended, in the immediate withdrawal of the Collins line to England, and soon to the abandonment of the lines to Havre and Bremen, so that we were running no steamer lines to Europe.

If wood had continued to be the only material available for shipbuilding we might have sufficiently recovered our position after the war to again have laws passed favorable to American shipping, but from 1840 England had been trying to perfect iron shipbuilding. By 1860 it was an important industry there, and at the close of the war its business was fully established. At that time we were in no position to compete with England in the manufacture of anything from iron, for though until the enactment of the "Walker tariff" in 1846, we hoped to control our iron market, making 800,000 gross tons in both 1847 and '48, our production fell to 500,000 tons in 1852, and did not firmly establish itself at one million tons per annum until 1856, when England was making four and a half million tons. We did not permanently pass the two million mark until 1877, when England was making over six and a half million tons, and from then till the end of 1883 England's yearly make of pig iron was about four million tons greater than ours.

Steam shipbuilding, in which we had excelled, seemed likely to become a lost art; in fact, we, who in the Collins liners gave the world the model of all future fast steamers, had become so entirely without appliances for marine engine building that John Roach had to buy engines in England for one steamer while he was building machinery to make the engines for another.

Our position is now changed. We have yards which show by the speed of the vessels they construct that they have not only appliances, but that Americans retain their old time skill in all branches of marine architecture; and what is nearly as important, our proportion of the iron made in the two countries, the United States and Great Britain, instead of being less than 15 per cent or one-seventh, as it was in 1861 and 65, will this year be over 50 per cent; or, in other words, we are reversing our relative position as iron producers; we are making more than Great Britain. And the price of pig iron, which for the two years 1883 and 84, averaged between $26 and $27, averaged $18.88 for 1888 and $17.75 for 1889.

There is now nothing in our position as iron producers that hinders our again taking the first rank as shipbuilders. England, however, still has the larger amount of capital seeking investment, and still as willing to subsidize steamer lines as ever—a practice she has never given up—and their preponderance in shipping owned is relatively greater than it was at the close of the revolution. England also possesses a marked advantage over that time; then nearly all the Anglomaniacs had gone either to Canada or Nova Scotia, and, excepting agents of foreign merchants in Boston and New York, England had no representatives in this country. At present, on the contrary, the Anglomaniacs dominate what they call the best thought of the country and have a great influence on the rest, while the agents of foreign manufacturers and shipping lines interfere boldly and openly in our politics to the interest of their employers. The agent of one steamboat line contributed $50,000 to the campaign expenses of one political party in the last Presidential campaign. As this contribution is understood to have amounted to between 6 and 7 per cent on his capital, it is probable it was an official contribution, made as an agent, not as a private individual.

It is difficult to estimate our loss of money, employment and of profitable markets through the policy which has driven us from the ocean. During the last fiscal year foreigners, instead of doing less than 25 per cent of our carrying trade, did over 85 per cent of it, and it is estimated that we pay more than one hundred and fifty million dollars annually to foreigners for carrying our freight—generally where they like.

In addition to the freights we have lost the passenger business. *Industries*, a London paper, says that in 1833, 182,000 passengers were taken from British ports in American ships to this country, and only 35,000 in British ships. But neglecting the passenger business, profitable as it is, we ought to earn at least half of that freight money, or $75,000,000 a year.

With sailing our ships should go building them, which would imply building for other nations. "This industry," to quote from one of the English technical journals, "is one which involves the welfare of almost all the other industries in the country." It is very important to England, and might be made more valuable to us.

It will be asserted that as our tariff would prevent our selling any ships to foreigners, no part of the average of over nine million dollars' worth of vessels annually sold to foreigners by Great Britain should be counted among our possible gains from shipbuilding; but we have for the past ten or twelve years sold on an average over one million dollars' worth of locomotives, in spite of the difficulty of securing transportation for them across the lines of trade established for us by our rivals, and many of them have gone to the British colonies. We should, after establishing business for ourselves, sell more ships, as before, than Great Britain. But until we again build for ourselves, we are no more likely to sell ships to foreigners than we are at present to sell them tin plates. We must establish the manufacture of an article before we can deal in it as exporters.

There is also another aspect of this case. The 140,000 or 150,000 persons who found employment in and around British ship yards, with those dependent on them, consumed less than $4.50 worth of American farm produce per head last year, whereas if they had been employed here, their consumption would not have been less than $90 per capita. On the basis of the figures given by the Chicago *Tribune* (which is not an enthusiastic advocate for American industries), in its notice of the new ship yard, at the city, that the 1000 men employed meant an addition of 5000 to the population of Chicago, the number dependent on British shipbuilding must be about 700,000 people, and the difference in their consumption of American farm products here or there would be about sixty million dollars. This is nearly three-fourths of the total value of wheat and wheat flour exported last year.

At present an effort is being made to recover the ground we have lost during the past 35 years, to augment the resources of the country and diversify and increase the employment offered to labor. Two bills to this effect have passed the senate, and are now before the house of representatives. The bills will be opposed by the entire force which England and all other interests owning foreign lines can bring against them.

Cunard, when before a committe of Parliament, said that if he had got his contract—that is, subsidy to New York—three months sooner there would have been no American line. His life has now had a subsidy for 50 years. In consequence of the regular and comparatively fast communication established, other lines, after the ruin of the Collins line, sprang up first as freight lines and then expanding into passenger lines. The French, Germans and Belgians now hold, with large capital and the backing of their governments, the positions occupied by the Havre and Bremen lines under our flag before the withdrawal of our subsidies.

Every inhabitant of these United States who is not an agent for foreign interests, or does not live by lending money, is directly interested in the enactment into laws of the two bills, as they present the only practicable method by which we can free capital on our position on the sea. They imply both shipbuilding and ship sailing; the last will undoubtedly bring a larger revenue to the country, but shipbuilding will directly benefit every man in the country, wherever he lives; interested in mining or transporting coal or iron, as well as all those who sell or furnish wood or other material used in fitting and outfitting ships, and also those who feed them. Will you not write to your congressman and urge him to work and vote for them?

PROCESS OF DRESSING FURS.

How They Are Treated From Killing to Articles of Wear.

In going through a fur-dressing establishment a reporter who was on a tour of investigation had noticed the draggled, faded, repulsive-looking skins, from which the dye was dripping, as he went up-stairs, and was surprised to see there also the same process, only the mixture was colored with yellow froth. This was the "mordant," or, in every-day parlance, "killing." No fur can be changed in color without this treatment, which lasts for ten days or more, until the hair is dead—or, in other words, has become a mere fiber which will absorb any shade.

Everybody has noticed a smooth, soft, brownish-black fur in muffs that looks like seal. If they ask, when told the rather low price, "Is it real or imitation?" they are told it is American seal. It is nothing in the world but the common little muskrat.

It really to be much admired is that or this same little muskrat. The skins arrive at the factory in packs containing many hundreds, which are stiff and rough and inside out. These are thrown into a huge bin, which revolves about forty times per minute. Two hammers beat them continually, and, quite soft and warm with the friction, they are taken out, rubbed with some oil or butter, and returned to the hopper. Often the beating turns them the other side out. Twice is the operation gone through. Then they go to a man who sits astride of a block, on which is firmly fixed a long, upright knife; over this the skins are passed, thus scraping off all the superfluous fur, leaving them much thinner. Now they are ready to be cleaned. A sort of dough is made of the sawdust and put into a close cylinder. The greasy skins are put in, a charcoal fire is lighted, and the wheel revolves. The sawdust absorbs the grease and moisture, but, of course, remains in the hair. To get that out a wheel similar to this, but with latticed ends, is employed; the revolutions are much more rapid and the sawdust flies out through the lattice, leaving the clean soft fur—for such it has become—inside. If not sufficiently cleaned this process is repeated.

The muskrat is now ready for the "evener." This man has a big round log in front of him, over which he throws the pelt, fastening it with a rope drawn taut by his foot. On his right thumb is a thick r

Miss EMILY S. BOUTON,.....EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

THE BESSAMERS AT DINNER.

Mrs. Bessamer Surprised — Ignorance of Every-day Things Common—She Develops a Plan for Obtaining Knowledge.

THE family was sitting at the dinner table. For a wonder the children's tongues were quiet, owing probably to the fact that keen appetites demanded close attention, leaving no opportunity for the desultory remarks that little folks are apt to indulge in upon these occasions of family re-union, unless summarily checked.

Mrs. Bessamer appeared to be in a profound study, though her eyes wandered over the table as if seeking there the answer to some problem. Her husband remained quiet, only turning an occasional inquiring glance upon her face.

"Harry," she said at last, "did it ever occur to you how little we know?"

"Well, yes," he responded; "I must acknowledge to a sometimes painful consciousness of my deficiencies in that direction. Is that the result of your profound meditation, may I ask?"

There was a little good-humored sarcasm in his voice and a laughing look in his eye, which, however, she was too intent upon her own thoughts to observe, or at least to call him to order for, as she would ordinarily.

"Well, I will tell you," she answered. Something, I do not now recall what, made me wonder how people came to use salt and pepper with their food, and when and how they were obtained. I found that I had the most dim and shadowy ideas about the matter. Then I went from them to other things upon the table, and Harry, I was disgusted to find that I could not speak int lligently about a single thing; that is I could not satisfy any one who knew nothing about them, as to their origin or history. Could you?"

Mr. Bessamer looked around over the table. His eyes wandered from one thing to another, in a meditative way, finally coming back to his wife's face, when he gave vent to his feelings in a long, low whistle.

"Harry, that is very bad manners," she said severely; "I wonder why men cannot find some other way to express surprise than by blowing it off in that style."

"I beg you pardon, my dear, I suppose it would have been better to raise my hands and exclaim 'Did you ever!' That beats anything!' but I really was so overcome by my own lack of knowledge that I did not stop to consider the proprieties."

"I wish you would not try to be so sarcastic, Harry. It isn't becoming to your style."

"I guess you're right, sweetheart. It isn't worth while any way if it annoys you. But I really was as surprised as you to find that I know so little, in a definite way, about these things that we use every day of our lives. If anybody should write down a list of questions in regard to their origin and history, George! I don't believe I could answer a tenth of them. Yet, I can't think that we are more ignorant or stupid than the majority of people, do you?"

"It isn't that, exactly," replied Mrs Bessamer. "I mean to say that because we don't know these things, it does not follow that we are either ignorant or stupid in a general way. It all comes from this habit of not observing the every-day things of life. We accept them as a matter of course, just as most people do, and then turn our attention to other, and, what we think, more important things. This way of rushing along with our eyes shut has come to be second nature, and we go on straining to find out about what is passing over in Africa and Asia, while there is a whole world of interest right here under our feet. Let us turn over a new leaf, Harry."

"What's your plan? Fire away!" quoth Mr. Bessamer, with more brevity and earnestness than elegance. Mrs. Bessamer was so interested in her purpose, however, that she failed to observe this lapse upon the part of her spouse.

By this time the children had become aroused to the conversation and were listening eagerly.

"I haven't any yet," Mrs. Bessamer replied, speaking up in a slow, thoughtful way, "but I will think it over and tell you to-morrow at dinner."

"I say, mamma," spoke up Bob, "I'd like to know all about olives," helping himself to that article, which his papa passed to him, bountifully.

"And I," said Jamie, "want to know who invented forks. If I can find out I'll puncture him," he added vindictively.

It was Jamie's standing grievance that he was obliged to use his fork to carry his food to his mouth, when he thought a knife so much more convenient. "I don't see why I can't do as I like," he would say sometimes when he was reproved. "What difference does it make, any way?"

"Only this, my boy" his mother would reply. "It is a law of table etiquette in good society that you shall use the fork instead of the knife for this purpose. You may be a good man; you may have all the instincts of a gentleman, and yet eat with your knife, but strangers who judge you always by appearances will set you down as ill-bred and unused to the society of cultivated people, if you seem ignorant of such a common social observance as that. You see it would not be immoral, my boy, to help yourself to meat with your fingers, but you would certainly think it ill-mannered."

Jamie made no reply, and soon after the family rose from the table with the understanding that a new order of investigation was to be inaugurated on the morrow.

The next day, when dinner was nearly over, and the dessert had been brought on, the family with one consent turned to Mrs. Bessamer.

"Funny thing," began Mr. Bessamer; "I thought I'd try some of the people who came into my office to-day upon these every-day things—asked them, just as if they had happened to occur to me, and if you will believe it, I never got a real satisfactory answer from one of them. Good, earnest, intelligent men, too, but they take everyday things as a matter of course just as we have been doing. I asked Will Senter when he supposed windows were first put into houses, and what do you think he said? 'Always used 'em more or less, I guess. Didn't Noah let the dove out of a window in the ark? Seems to me I remember a picture in my old reader, that showed the old tub stranded on the top of a mountain and a bird flying away from Noah, whose face showed through a window!'

"Did it have glass in, do you suppose?" I asked him.

"'I wonder now if it did,' he answered. 'Never thought of it before, Bessamer. Don't they say though that there's nothing new under the sun, and if that is so, very likely somebody knew about glass,' and with that he took himself off."

Mrs. Bessamer laughed merrily at her husband's recital, and then proceeded to unfold her plan. Each member of the family would choose some one article of food for every day, and each of the family would find out all that he could about it, and bring the facts to her; then she would whip them into shape and read the result aloud after dinner was over. Everybody must do something, she said, but for the present they might depend upon her for the bulk of the work. And each one should select in turn the article to be looked up. Papa being the oldest might make the first choice.

All looked at Mr. Bessamer who, in answer to the intimated question, gravely responded:

"BREAD."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

A Yard Ornament.

Persons hardly realize how much beauty there is in twining, climbing vines, unless they have an opportunity to see a place which has been clothed with them suddenly divested of their graceful drapery, and then its bare, desolate look strikes directly to the heart. I have one in my mind now over which ivies and honeysuckles had wandered at their own sweet will until it was a perfect bower of beauty. Presently it was thought best to remodel and paint the house, and down came the lovely creeping, clinging things, and they were cut away, root and branch. The place was spoiled. Instead of attracting and holding the eye as hitherto, it was simply a commonplace dwelling, with nothing to distinguish it in any way from its neighbors.

A pretty ornament for the yard is made in this way: Take an old umbrella, cut away the cloth, sharpen the end of the handle, and then push it down into the middle of a circular bed. Press the ends of the ribs well down into the earth so that it will hold there in spite of the antics of the wind. Now plant several rows of the scarlet cypress vine around it, using a good many seeds, so that they will come up thickly. Tie strings from the plants up to the top of the umbrella, and soon you will have a regular cypress umbrella. Around outside of all may be set a row of some tall blossoming white flower which will make a fine setting for the scarlet.

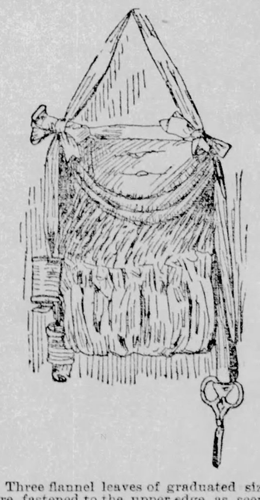
The trunk of a tree can be made a thing of beauty by planting around it the Japan creepers, sometimes called the Boston Ivy. This grows quickly and is very beautiful.

When you are trying to beautify your homes do not forget the vines.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

PRETTY BIRTHDAY GIFT.—This is what is called a housewife, and it is particularly designed for a young girl's room at boarding-school, or for any one who requires the things contained often, and who has little room or use for a large work basket:

Cut two pieces of card-board, each 17 inches long and 5 inches wide. Cover one side of one with plush and one of the other with satin, place the uncovered sides against each other and overhand them together. Now for a pocket. Get satin of a contrasting color to the plush. You will want a piece 6 inches deep and 13 inches wide. Turn down a hem at the top an inch and a quarter wide, and run a line just above the bottom of the hem to make a shirring. Run elastic through this, the piece being about 4½ inches long. Gather the lower edge and fasten to the lower edge of the covered card-board, and also fasten the sides firmly. This will form the pocket as in the figure.



Three flannel leaves of graduated size are fastened to the upper edge as seen. Two yards and a quarter of satin ribbon, color of pocket, and either No. 5 in width or a little narrower, will be needed. Sew one end of ribbon to upper right hand corner of the board, allow 13 inches for loop to hang it up by, and to the left hand upper corner and then cut the ribbon so that 12 ins. are left hanging. Draw this through a spool of shoe thread, and tie a knot in end to prevent slipping through. Sew another piece to same corner 8 ins. long, and draw through a spool of white cotton, No. 60, knotting in the same way, or a button may be sewed on to hold the spool. At the other upper corner fasten a half yard length of ribbon. To the other end sew a good sized hook. Put the scissors on this, and hook the end into a loop at the corner. Make full bows to cover places where the ribbons are sewed on. Fringe or tassels may be sewed across the bottom.

HANDKERCHIEF CASE.—Take ¼ yard plush and double it in half, cut, line with ¼ yard of some contrasting color of satin. Lay between this two thicknesses of sheet wadding, on which sprinkle a generous amount of sachet powder. Have the sachet powder next to lining. Turn one corner (of upper half) over and fasten down with bow of ribbon, color of lining, and fasten bow of same on upper right hand corner. Tack the three remaining corners together and you will be pleased with your work.—LOIS.

CANTALOUPE PIN-CUSHION.—Let me tell you how to make a cantaloupe pin-cushion. It is the prettiest one I ever saw, but of course much depends on the ingenuity of the one that makes it. Take velvet, say black, cut out 12 oval pieces 5 inches long and 2½ inches wide, then cut 12 half oval the long way, 10 inches, 3½ wide, of some contrasting color, say red. Sew the straight side of reds all around the black ovals, beginning at end; turn and stuff with cotton. Now you have 12 small cushions. Tack the points of red all together. That will be the center of cushion when done. Now arrange them so four of black points come together all over the cushion. Fasten with a pretty button all but one; fasten that with a bow of red ribbon to hang up by. After it is ready to stuff, if you crochet tiny shells around the black where it joins the red it will be much prettier. Plush makes a pretty one. Use contrasting colors or something that will harmonize. When finished it is as large as a half-gallon cup, and you will say it is pretty.—CONTENTED SIS.

Knitting and Crocheting.

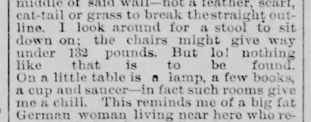
Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; o t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o, purl, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

SAW TEETH LACE.—Cast on 12 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—2 plain—t o 2—seam 2 tog—2 plain—t o 1—n—t o 1—n—t o 1—2 plain; 2d row—k back plain till 4 stitches remain on needle—t o 2—seam 2 tog—2 plain; 3d row—2 plain—t o 2—seam 2 tog—3 plain—t o 1—n—t o 1—n—t o 1—2 plain; 4th row—k back plain till 4 stitches remain on needle—t o 2—seam 2 tog—4 plain—t o 1—n—t o 1—n—t o 1—2 plain; 5th row—k back plain till 4 stitches remain on needle—t o 2—seam 2 tog—5 plain—t o 1—n—t o 1—n—t o 1—2 plain; 6th row—k back plain till 4 stitches remain on needle—t o 2—seam 2 tog—6 plain; 7th row—2 plain—t o 2—seam 2 tog—5 plain—t o 1—n—t o 1—n—t o 1—2 plain; 8th row—k back plain till 4 stitches are left on needle—t o 2—seam 2 tog—2 plain; 9th row—2 plain—t o 2—seam 2 tog—remaining 12 plain; 10th row—b off 4—k plain to last 4—t o 2—seam 2 tog—2 plain.

SLEEP SLIPPERS.—A skein of German-town wool, either in white or some delicate bright color, and a little white Shetland wool or knitting-silk for the ankle edge, are the materials required. With a bone crochet-needle make a chain of 8 stitches. Work, in short crochet, all around this chain, making 2 stitches in the 4th chain, so that there are 15 in the row. Work 3 rows around this little oval, widening at each end and at the middle—where the first widening was made. After these rows, widen only at the middle until 20 or 22 rows are completed. Now work back and forth, omitting 11 stitches—5 on each side of the middle stitch. These 16 rows are crocheted alternately on the back and the front loops of the work, so that the stitch may resemble the rest of the shoe. Crochet together at the heel; and begin the ankle. This is quite plain, 6 rows in short crochet, missing a stitch at the corners where the 11 stitches were left. This narrowing shapes a slender ankle. Then work one row of double crochet, for a cord or ribbon to be run in. This row is not narrowed, neither are the two plain rows of short crochet which follow it. Now with the Shetland wool or the silk make a row of scallops thus: 1 short crochet, miss 1, 5 double crochet, miss 1, 1 short crochet. Repeat. If silk is used, be careful to fasten it strongly and leave an inch of the silk run in at the wrong side of the work. A crocheted cord, or, still prettier, a narrow white ribbon run in and around the ankle and tied in dainty bows, finishes the slippers.

Correspondence.



THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.—(IL.)—In forming circles, or tens, the first step is to call a meeting of all who are interested in the work, and have it explained to them and the obligation assumed by each member of the order. Those who desire to can then select the work they wish to do, choose a leader and such other officers as the work may require and arrange for the time and place of their future meetings.

Membership fees, orders for badges, literature, membership cards, etc., together with the list of names of the members, should be sent by the leader to the county secretary, who will send supplies and give all information or assistance possible. The price of the badges is 30 cents, the membership cards 5 cents each and the leaflets, etc., will be about 1 cent each, copies of constitution 10 cents each. If there is no secretary in your county, send to your state secretary or to the treasurer of the central council, Miss G. H. Libby, 18 Washington Place, New York city. There should be frequent meetings of each circle, such meetings to open with a passage of scripture, a prayer and hymn, or devotional exercises of some nature. Reports should be given of the good accomplished and plans for present or future work discussed. The leader of the circle should keep a list of the members, lines of work, date of organization and any interesting incidents that may mark its progress, and forward such report to the general secretary, state or county secretary wherever and at such times as requested.

All money paid by the King's Daughters for any purpose must be given freely and cheerfully; there can be no assessments made without the consent of the members, and all fairs or entertainments for the purpose of raising funds for their work are to be conducted according to the principles of the order, which do not admit of lotteries or gambling in any shape or manner.

In all that we do we are to be careful to bring no reproach upon the order, and to do nothing that is not in keeping with the teachings of the King. There are now more than 125,000 of the King's Daughters, and the number is increasing daily. They are scattered all over the world; go where you will, you may see the gleam of the silver cross, but the work that is done by its wearers none but the "King" can tell, and there still remains more to be done—enough for all, who will do it "In His Name." The same plan of organization may be followed by the King's Sons, an associate order, which is the outgrowth of our work among men and boys.—MRS. SOPHIE F. WALDRON.

HER BEDROOM.—Did you ever go into a bedroom and think, this is only used for company? And yet the daughter sleeps there, that is all. Everything is very nice; yet it has a store look. The carpet is very clean—no rugs. Chairs—well they are to look at. On the "dresser" everything just so. We wonder what some of the things are used for. Then we go to the wall. A picture right in the middle of each—not a feather, scarf, cat-tail or grass to break the straight outline. I look around for a stool to sit down on; the chairs might give way under 132 pounds. But lo! nothing like that is to be found. On a little table is a lamp, a few books, a cup and saucer—in fact such rooms give me a chill. This reminds me of a big fat German woman living near here who refurnished her house; it had to come in and "see her nice things"—things looked very comfortable, clean and nice when we got up stairs. This was her room, and that her spare room, "un this be our daughter Katreen's spair room." After a while we came to where Katreen sleeps—in a little room over the kitchen with the servant. Things were so nice and new, they did not like to use them, only for company, and I don't believe they ever had company in their life-time.

Now, what is the sense of having things and not using them? How much nicer it is to go in a room cosily fixed. See a pair of slippers here, a dressing sacque there, a pretty shawl over corner of bed or on backs of chairs, the writing desk opened, curtains draped tidily, scarfs over the "glass and over all a heavy woodwork, pretty rugs, low book shelves, pretty stools, sashes, bags, and a thousand and one little, useful things about.

I was reading an article in a little magazine, the other day, of an ornament for the wall, to put comb and brush in, also another for hair pins. Surely the lady who would take time to glance around on all four sides of the wall to find a comb, brush or hair pin, when there is a caller in the parlor, must be a martyr to the cause. What is your dresser for, but pins, and toilet articles. I was in a big fix when I came to the room I was to occupy for a year, and I found there was no closet in it. What would I do about my boots and slippers. It was easily found place for the latter, but the former were so big and ugly. To put them under the bed I would be scared every night thinking it was a burglar's foot, or in other words, a man under the bed, so I took a nail keg, covered it with bright blue cretonne and lined it with blue paper muslin, trimmed it with rope, knotting it, and then making a fringe around the edge. Then I took a square board, covered it with wadding, then cretonne. I put a rope around that, with fringed rope at each end. You will be astonished how many pairs you can get in this keg—and what a good stool it makes for your easel. Then I wanted a medicine chest—not that I take so much that I haven't room for it in my bedroom, but it don't look nice—then there are your tooth wash and powder, your toilet water, ammonia, lip salve, and mucilage, and a dozen or more bottles you have to have—well, I took a nice little box, 12 inches high, 16 long and 7 deep, divided it off in two parts, one for tall bottles and one for short. I had an old piece of mummy cloth—they say it is four thousand years old, but we will put a big question mark after that. I put a nice silk fringe of balls around the bottom, and tacked it on at the top, then put an Indian clay bowl on top, with a little thin vase, and a fan back of it all, and it really is one of the handiest things in my room, and let me assure you it was not so very homely.

Then I will tell you about a chair I made. It was an old-fashioned dining room chair, with a cane bottom. Well, I painted the thing white and then varnished it, made the bottom of bed ticking and lots of old rags and cotton. Then covered the thing with muslin which was covered with daisies made of rick-rack, and yellow yarn for centers—the back. I made a chair saddle of the same thing, tied it up with yellow ribbon, also tied a bow on one of the front legs. It is very pretty, and did not cost me a dollar. I look around my room to see if there is anything else, but it is such a Noah's ark I would not know where to commence. The only time I don't need everything that is in it, is when I go to dust; then I think four bare walls one of the nicest things in the world.—CARRIE ELIZABETH, Spring City.

WOMEN WORKERS.—The increasing employment of women in the different fields of industrial and professional labor, is a subject of exciting interest and deep concern. There is scarcely an avocation but has its full quota of women employes. The profession of arms on land and sea; the handling of trains and working of mines; the cultivation of the soil, and the railway mail service are the chief and most conspicuous exceptions.

Visit the dry goods, publishing, printing and educational establishments of any city and you will find that the employed forces consist almost exclusively of women. This is also true of the various factories of the country. The fair sex has practically displaced man or else driven him to accept her lower wages. School-teaching was once a profession at which men could make a living for themselves and families. But now the schools are taught by women. The telegraphers' craft was once an inviting and profitable field, but here, as well as elsewhere, women have gained access and are steadily crowding men to the wall or compelling them to accept her lower wages.

A radical reduction of wages is the inevitable ultimatum in every department where women labor.

The question now is: What shall we do with our young men?" The country is alive with intelligent, bright young men, who have only their talents and character as capital. They are, therefore, compelled to work on a salary. If a young man exacts a salary sufficient to live on and get married on, he is informed by his employer that a young lady would suit the firm fully as well, and as her services can be procured for $10 less per month, he is therefore discharged and the lady employed. A young man surveying the fields of industrial activity, with a view to selecting an occupation for his life work finds each and every inviting avocation largely filled by women, who are ready and willing to work at any price. A young man having to thus compete with cheap woman labor, will early abandon the idea of making a home; for after necessary expenses are paid, there remains such a small fragment of his weekly or monthly stipend that this naturally goes in lieu of home pleasures.

The reader may glory in woman's enterprise, but in the opinion of the writer, such "enterprise" is unfortunate.

The evil to both man and woman resulting from such a condition of labor, is apparent to every observing and practical person.

This system fosters celibacy on the part of women and forces the same on man.

Give the average American girl an independent position (where she can by her own efforts make her own living) and she will set aside all thoughts of marriage and a home of her own.

The writer has known of several who broke their marriage obligations by reason of positions as telegraph operator, teacher, or accountant. God forbid that I should cast a shadow across the mental vision of any woman who is struggling to keep together her family, or is trying to provide for the wants of dependents. But the indiscriminate employment of women, to the exclusion of men, is so destructive to homes that the entire system of woman-hire should be eradicated as an evil *per se*. The home is the unit of social organization. Every good goyernment is founded on good homes.

Everything promoting home interests should be encouraged. The boarding-house, as a home, is worse than a failure. Social systems and laws should encourage rather than thwart the efforts of young men to found homes.

The only hope of our country is in its homes. When the dog of war raises its hideous head, and a man goes forth to fight for his own hearthstone, that man will fight with desperate courage. He is sustained and inspired amid the smoke, flame and hell of battle by thoughts of the home he left behind.

But the man who leaves only a boarding house behind will neither distinguish himself for conspicuous bravery nor honorable action.

The writer of this article is a young man, who associates with young men, and every man with whom he has conversed on this subject expressed himself as willing and desirious of establishing a home were it possible to do so.

Weddings are not as frequent, considering population, as formerly and we find a partial if not complete solution of this unfortunate condition in the fact that the angelic sisterhood is displacing man in the commercial and professional world.

A man can not afford to marry on a shop girl's salary. Hence marriage is deferred from day to day and finally abandoned altogether.

Marriage, in earlier years, was the chief thought of boys and girls as they reached manhood and womanhood, but now it is the last. America is pre-eminently a nation of homes, which condition is the result of the early marriages of our ancesters.

Then man provided for himself and family, and woman was not a competitor, but a helpmeet at home; now man does the best he can for himself, and woman does the best she can for herself, but each independent of the other.

Again, this class of women is typically American, and they would make good wives and mothers. Therefore, in behalf of the homes of America, the happiness and betterment of both sexes, we advocate the withdrawal of woman competition from man's legitimate fields of labor, thus making it possible for millions of men to provide for households over which the sister-competitors will preside as wives. If it is necessary for a woman to "work out," let her work for a family rather than at desks and counters, availing herself at the same time of the first suitable chance to terminate this necessity. A family having a good girl in its employ should make it pleasant for that girl, and assist her to a suitable marriage. The millinery business, too, naturally belongs to the angelic sisterhood. Co-operation all along the line will settle this troublesome and threatening social question and man will again be the head of the household. The sisters will then cease to complain of overwork and poor pay.

The men will also cease to complain of no work and no pay, but both laboring together, each in the proper way, will realize the fondest dreams of youth.

The sunshine of love, the laughter of children with all the fond and happy realities of life, will bless that home where success in its highest acknowledged state abides to bless its inmates.—OPERATOR.

Girls, what do you think of this?—ED.

Correspondence Clippings.

I noticed some time ago a communication written on the "Old Maid" question, which I want to say amen to. A great many young girls, when they reach the age of twenty or say twenty-five, think they are getting very old and almost matured, the first man who offers himself, be he young or old, suitable or unsuitable, so as to be saved from being called an old maid. Girls, there is no disgrace in remaining single, and I for one would much rather be that than married to some one you do not love and respect, and perhaps be supported in order to get "Mrs." prefixed to your name. There are so many honorable employments for women that almost anyone can find something to their taste, and wait until the right man comes around before entering the matrimonial yoke.—SMILAX.

I saw an article in a paper not long ago from a young lady stating her dislike of the country. She said she lived close to a large city where she attended school and would graduate this year, and she did not have to work out in the field or milk cows, and for all that she did not like the country and would not live there if she could live any place else. Now I differ from her on that subject. I think country life is far more to be preferred than that of the city. I went to school in the city last winter and know I would not like to live there. Especially in the summer would city life be dull. There is no green grass and trees, no flowing streams, or beautiful birds. Nothing but dusty streets. In fact, I see nothing in the city to make life desirable. I would much rather live in the country where a person can step outside of the door without someone wondering what made you come out and what you are going to do.—CLARA HAMMOND.

I do not agree with N. A. H. in regard to the story, "Come Forth." In my opinion it was an excellent story, and the patience and self-sacrificing love of our Savior was illustrated in a beautiful and touching manner, but of course any one prejudiced against novels would not be of that opinion. Miss Bouton, is the subject open to discussion? As to the question which "Farmer's Daughter" has raised in the Household—well, I won't say much, but Heaven pity the woman who marries a farmer expecting to take very much comfort in this world, unless she possesses a very easily contented spirit. I know of a few farmers who are splendid men, but they are the exception, not the rule.—LAURA.

We do not see anything to be gained by further discussion of the merits of the story, "Come Forth."

Inquiries.

What will remove red paint from cashmere? What will color a white straw hat black? Who resurrected the indecent fashion of wearing low-necked dresses?

What were the religious beliefs of Alphonso De L'Martine, and of Dore, the French artist?—LUCIA.

Will some one please send directions for painting an owl? also a dove; what colors will be necessary?—RUBY.

Would any of the members of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what will cure tetter in the hand, also how to care for a tube rose?—MYRTLE.

Will some one who has had experience tell me how I can make cheese from the milk of one excellent cow, what utensils would be needed, also what a "follower" is? (used in cheese making.)—M. E., Oregon.

Will some one tell how to make figs from the New Zealand fig tomato? Also how to make the sticky fly paper?—E. M., Elwood, Ill.

Having been a reader of THE BLADE many years I would like to know if any one can tell me a cure for nervousness. I have tried a great many things, but they did no good. The least little thing makes me all of a tremble.—H. E.

Will any friend of the HOUSEHOLD tell me where to get "Stammering Stephen?" This selection was printed in some paper prior to 1886, but I have never been able to ascertain what one.—S. D. REYNOLDS.

Will you please ask THE BLADE readers to send some crochet tidy patterns? Also organ stool cover.—NELLIE.

Can any one tell me what is the matter with my Tube-rose? It is sending out young sprouts all through the jar. Does it bloom more than once?—ELIABETH ROGERS.

Will some one of the readers of THE BLADE tell me what plant or shrub or tree has a fine white pith, and how it can be removed from the outer wood white and whole? I have seen beautiful crosses made from this pith, but do not know how to prepare it.—N. H. W.

Have any of the HOUSEHOLD ever used a toilet mask? If so, would you advise its use? Is it harmless? I would like to improve my complexion, but do not want to use cosmetics or anything harmful.—R. R.

Cannot some of you who are informed tell us how to live wisely, and how to cook different articles of food, not in the richest manner, but in that way best suited to the general health?—R. R.

Our correspondent will find that most of the recipes given in THE BLADE are simple and healthful. If she wants to inform herself further in this matter let her get the little book entitled "Practical Sanitary and Economic Cooking," by Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel, which is published by the American Public Health association, Rochester, N. Y.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

If "Lily" will put a little moist tobacco on the bite, it will relieve it instantly. This is the best remedy known for a bite or sting of any kind. I have cured the bite of a rattlesnake with it alone. It is also good for cuts or bruises.—KARL L. MASTER.

We are sorry not to be able to use the inquiry, etc., of our correspondent, but it involves giving the address which we cannot do. This is in accordance with the rule that we have been recently compelled to adopt.

To get rid of small ants, place green walnuts where they frequent, and they will disappear; or sweeten water and put in some Paris green and set where they frequent; but care must be taken with the latter where there are children.—NELLIE.

Patrick: The young lady should lead the way down the aisle and into the seat, the gentleman following.

You did not state whether the oysters were cooked or raw, in the shells or out of them. If in the shell, a small plate should be set by the larger one for the shells. A fork should be used to convey the oyster to the mouth.

Break a baked potato open and take out the contents from the coat with your knife. Should you prefer to eat the coat, as many do, then mash the potato down, pepper, salt and butter it to the taste, cut and eat it as you would meat.—ED.

I wish to answer "Ninepins" in regard to bedbugs. Empty the room. Then take a pail of water, to which has been added a heaping tablespoonful of corrosive sublimate, and wash all woodwork, take out the windows, so as to reach all parts of the casings; don't miss the floor. Then paste a narrow strip of paper at the bottom of the mop board and over all cracks. Examine things brought into the room, for eggs. To a saucer of water add a teaspoonful of corrosive sublimate and apply to the furniture with a feather. This will kill all bugs or eggs that it touches. If you put your hands in the pail of water solution, take off all rings. Keep a watch for stragglers for a few weeks, and if you have been thorough you will not have a bug left. I have moved into several houses that have had to be taken, one room at a time, in just that way, and I have always conquered.—CARRIE.

To Mrs. Frank M., Idaho: The warp roll should be on a level with a breast beam to work easily. A better way is to set the warp roller down and run the work over a smooth bar set firmly in the back upright. It gives you better control of your thread to use this bar. It may be set two or three in. higher if more room is wanted. The eye in the harness should be in the center, always. If the lady wants any further information, and will state it, I will be glad to answer any questions.—DAN KNIGHT, Iowa.

To Mrs. B.: Sick headache is the result of indigestion, brought on often by the use of too strong coffee.

Annie Reynolds: Red ants are easily exterminated. Mix honey, water and Paris green; put in an old box and cover with small pebbles to avoid the danger of poisoning domestic animals. Pied ants of any kind can be killed in the same way.

Recipes.

RICE WITH CHEESE.—Boil half a pound of rice, drain and shake dry; put a layer of this in a pudding dish, season with salt and pepper and dot with bits of butter. Grate a quarter of a pound of cheese, and sprinkle each layer of the rice with the cheese. Let the last layer be of rice. Whip one egg with a gill of milk, and pour over all; sprinkle with crumbs, dot with butter and brown in the oven.

CUCUMBER FRITTERS.—Peel and grate full-grown, tender cucumbers. Press all the juice from the pulp, add to one quart of pulp half a teacupful of rich, sweet cream, half a pint of flour, one gill of melted butter, salt and pepper to taste. Beat four eggs separately, very light, and add to the batter, which should be very thick. Have ready a kettle of boiling lard and drop in one large spoonful at a time, removing as soon as crisp and brown. Serve as you would fried oysters, which they very much resemble.

A NICE DESSERT.—Bananas sliced and served with a little lemon juice on each bit makes a nice dessert. A favorite way of serving bananas in New Orleans is to cut them lengthwise into two pieces, dust them with powdered sugar, a little lemon juice and bits of butter, and to bake them in the oven for 25 minutes. They should be basted with the butter once or twice while baking, and served hot in the dish in which they are cooked.

BOILED HAM.—Cold boiled ham is much more appetizing if treated in this way: Boil until within about 15 min. of being done, then skin it and rub all over the fat and the cut end with brown sugar, into which you have put a few drops of vinegar, then stick cloves all over it and bake in the oven for fifteen minutes. This is very good for yachting or other out-door excursions and for train luncheons.

—The peculiar enervating effect of summer weather is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which "makes the weak strong."

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

PERRINGTON, MICH.

Xenia Arnold,	Elmer Davis,
Effie Penfield,	B. W. Pattison,
Frank Wimble,	James E. Pettibone,
Flora White,	L. J. Alpaugh,
Charlie Tubbs,	Cora Otto,
John Wimble,	Clifford Arnold,
Floyd Otto,	F. L. Longwood,
Maude Vickery,	M. R. Phinney,
Olive Brisbin,	Willie Parney,
Tenta Eccleston,	Mabel Arnold,
M. J. Reed,	J. M. Secord,
Minnie Lance,	Clarence Orcutt,
Ada Lance,	Charlie Allor,
Jennie Pettibone,	Willie Logan,
W. J. Ray,	Willie Davis.

MT. VERNON, O.

Emma Lewis.

Names this week, 31. Total, 29,703.

The above embraces all names received up to July 28.

A Sad Reason for Tears.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

There sat a silly little lass
Upon a bed of posies,—
Her tears bedewed the summer grass
And twinkled on the roses.
"Now, why is all this grief?" I said,
"And all this doleful crying?"
The maiden sadly shook her head,
And answered, softly sighing,
"All yesterday I wept," said she,
"And then this morning I could see
'Twas quite without a reason;
So now I mourn the stupid way
In which I spent that lovely day—
The fairest of the season!
O dear—O dear—O dear—O dear—
The fairest of the season!"

So there she sat, the silly lass,
And nothing could content her;
The roses and the summer grass
No grain of comfort lent her;
Nor any word that I could say
Would ease her doleful crying.
"I can but weep for yesterday,"
She answered, sadly sighing;
"I was all so foolish—that I see—
And that is but the worst," said she;
"'T is not my greatest sorrow;
I can not eat—I can not sleep—
And all the day I weep, and weep—
For fear I'll weep to-morrow!
O dear—O dear—O dear—O dear—
I fear I'll weep to-morrow!"
—St. Nicholas.

"The Ate" Versus "The Eight."

BY MARY S. M'COBB.

HAT I can't endure is the high and mighty airs those girls give themselves. As if nobody on earth could cook except their club! What did you say it was called, Joe?"

"The Eight,' because there are eight members. Eleanor Banks told me. You'd have thought I never tasted anything nicer than gruel, to hear her patronize me. It *was* a tough job to keep up with *'a la* this' and her *'pate de* that,' and me minus a French dictionary. She never found out I was nonplussed. I'd have died first."

"How often do they meet?" asked Phil.

"Once a fortnight. They have a supper each time. 'The Eight' have to cook every mouthful, from bread up to the *'a la's.'* They all went to Mrs. Stuart's cooking class, you know, and now they spend their time making messes."

"I asked Bessie Laing to go skating," remarked Phil, bitterly. "Oh no! it was her turn to entertain 'the Eight.' Something was said about a game club on Thursdays. That must needs be 'the Eight's' especial day. They've got hold of some notion about 'woman's sphere' —whatever that may mean. One of them said to me, *You* can't get up suppers. I'd care only—boys!' I spoke up lively then. 'I'd like to see the thing a boy can't do as well as a girl. Better, too, if he gives his mind to it,' says I. Joe," Phil went on, after a brief pause for meditation, "let's show those girls what we can do. 'Only—boys!' They shall sing another tune."

"How can we manage?" queried Joe.

"Cherie," said Phil.

Now a year ago Phil would not have said "Cherie" in that tone. When he knew that his father was to marry Joe Sanders's sister, there never was an angrier person than Phil Brinton.

He had read and heard all sorts of disagreeable stories about the cruelty of step-mothers. He and his father had been close friends, but now this woman would come between them. Phil was furiously jealous. Call her "mamma?" Not he! She shouldn't find life a pathway of roses. To marry a boy's father, when the said boy gave no consent! It was abominable, outrageous. Phil fumed and raged.

But when the step-mother arrived, Phil fairly gasped. An icicle might as well have tried to hold out against the spring, as a lad to persist in being rude to such a merry, friendly little lady as the new Mrs. Brinton.

The dull old house, where Nurse Jacinth had closed the blinds for fear the carpet would fade, was flooded with light and air. Charming wedding presents beautified the stiff, mournful rooms.

As for Phil's being cut off from his father, Mrs. Brinton constantly added, "and our boy," when a walk or a drive was planned.

It was she who interceded for the grand "double-runner;" she who was so clever in fractions that she dragged Phil through "Example 10," wherein the rest of the class stuck fast; she who knew a good strike from "a foul," and the "right" from the "center field," and who was liberal in the matter of "pig-skins" and bats.

Phil was ready enough to call her "mamma," but Mrs. Brinton herself arranged that.

"Since I am Joe's sister, and only 10 years older than you, Phil, suppose you too say 'Cherie.'"

Thus it was settled. And on many an occasion besides the present, when Joe Sanders asked, "How shall we manage?" Phil answered, "Cherie."

That very evening a confab was held. At the next concisve six more boys were present. Cherie, in their midst, advised, gave counsel, listened, and was voted "as good as a boy, any day."

Meetings continued to be held. Of course a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and a committee of arrangements were chosen. Everybody being an officer, great peace prevailed.

"What are those boys plotting?" wondered Eleanor Banks. "They are forever going to Mrs. Brinton's house, and whispering and making signs, and being so silly and mysterious."

"What are all those red blisters on your face?" she demanded of her brother Jim.

"Fat spattered," said that young man, briefly. Which reply Eleanor concluded must be metaphorical.

No information could be coaxed out of the other boys.

"We're not *girls*, to run and tell," admitted Joe Sanders, with more force than politeness.

About a fortnight later great excitement prevailed among "the Eight." Every member of that club had received an invitation:

THE ATE TO THE EIGHT

Greeting:

The pleasure of your company at dinner is requested on Wednesday, the 12th, at 7 o'clock.

10½ Shawmut Street.

Enclosed was a visiting card:

Mrs. Horatio L. Brinton,
10½ Shawmut Street.
"THE ATE CLUB."

"Is that a parody on 'the Eight?'"

"What can it mean?"

"Shall you go?"

Indeed everybody would go! Speedily were acceptances sent. Never were guests more prompt than the eight damsels who ran up Mrs. Brinton's steps on Wednesday evening.

The door was flung wide open. But by no white-capped maid Lo! a footman, gorgeous in plum-colored coat much ornamented with brass buttons. His knee-breeches were of yellow satin. His stockings of plum-color. A powdered wig adorned his head.

Two fellow-menials stood in the rear,